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OF THE
TWILIGHT

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Children *of the* Twilight *Folk-Tales of Indian Tribes*

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"THE WILD HEART," etc.



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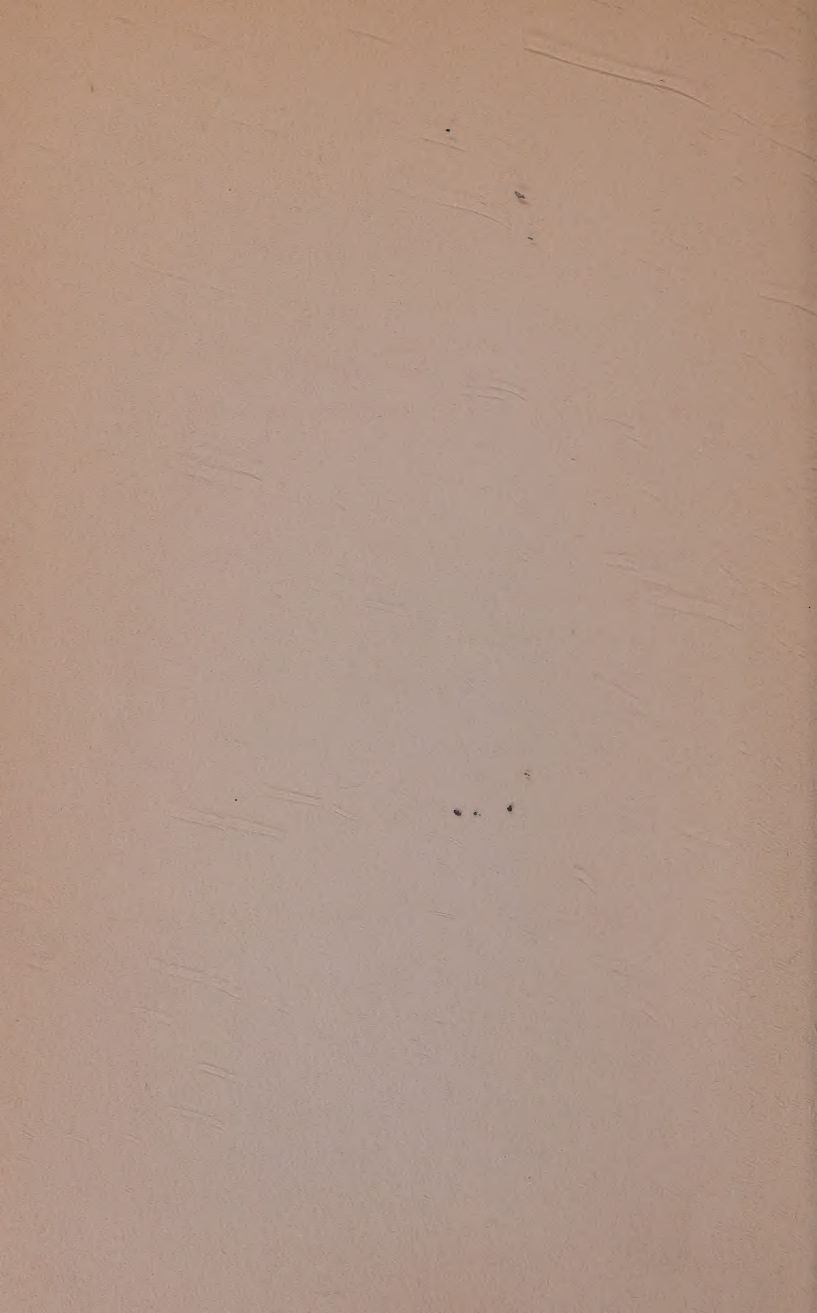
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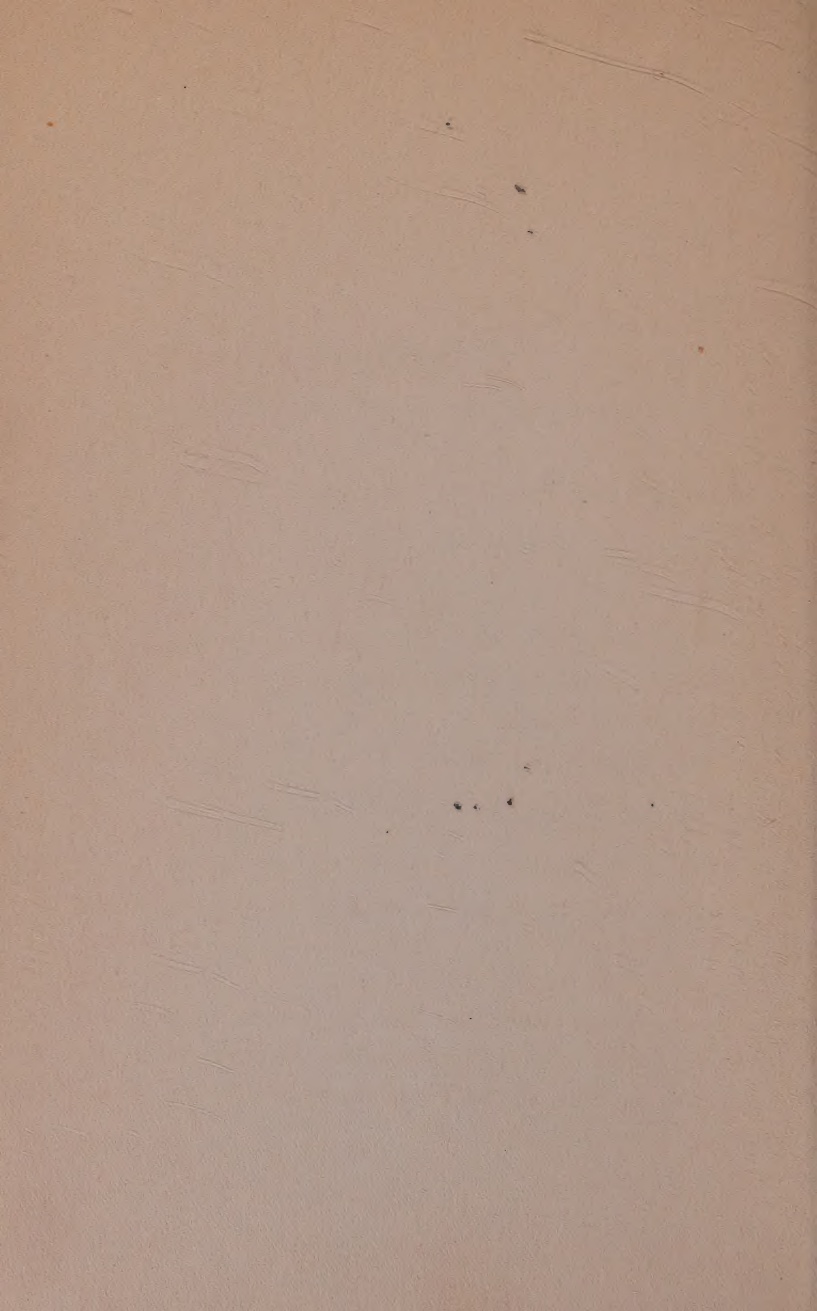
LETTIE LEE,

*my friend of "Syah-an-cu-ti" (long ago)
who knew with me the cabin and the deep
woods of the Puget Sound country, who
loved with me the lore of Twana Tyee and his
people, is this book affectionately dedicated.*



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CHILDREN *of the* TWILIGHT

Brother of the Eagle

THIS is the story that Twana Tyee told me by the waters of Suquamish. I think it was the truth he spoke, for I had known him in my childhood, an old, old Indian who once had been a chief among his people.

I had learned from him much woodland lore and many Twana customs. He loved to tell me of the glories of his people in curious, broken sentences, half chant, half graphic gesture. Myth and legend he had told me in those days of happy childhood. But there was a subtle difference in the manner of the telling. For when he wished to impress upon me that the thing he was about to recount had no element of fiction in it, he would spread his shrunken, wrinkled hands and speak earnestly in the Chinook jargon, which he had taught me to understand.

"Mika mamook delate wa-wa; delate wa-wa mika tum-tum, nanich Sagh-a-lie Tyee."

"My heart speaks truth, I hide nothing. Truthful is my speech before the Great Sky Father."

In after years I found him again, Twana Tyee, who had been my friend. Older and more wrinkled than before, yet keeping still the dignity of his kingship. His tribe was scattered, swallowed up by the white man's usurpation—yet Twana Tyee was a chieftain: you knew it by his look. His weather-beaten totem-pole with its carven bear and eagle, was the only totem-pole that stood outside an Indian shanty in that part of the country. It will stand there through the years to come, rain and wind swept, a pitiful symbol of forgotten glory, until he, too, the last of the Twanas, passes into the mighty darkness.

I found him in the little cabin on the beach, where as a child I had often sat in spellbound wonder at the legends he recounted. He greeted me simply, without surprise, as if it were only yesterday that I had gone away. Someone had told him of the stories I had written which concerned the Puget Sound country that was very dear to both of us. And although he surely could not have read nor have understood the stories, he showed me with much pride a thumbbed and dirty magazine and pointed out my name with wide, approving smile.

"*Hiyu klosk klutchman*," he remarked, and I felt distinctly flattered. For freely translated, his words of praise meant, "Woman, you are good."

We talked in snatches of the time when Brother and I had lived in a little log cabin snuggled down against the shores of Puget Sound. The day was soft with clinging mist, gray with fragrant rain. He smoked, and nodded, and through the open door we watched the rain that drenched the firs with crystal beads and hung a curtain across the sky, a curtain of misty sparkles. He threw a pine knot on the open fire, which blazed and cracked redly, throwing grotesque, dancing shadows on the rough walls of the shanty.

For a long time he was silent, staring at the dirty magazine. I waited without speaking, for I knew that something in his mind was clamoring for expression; I knew that there was some important thing which Twana Tyee wished to tell me.

"This silent talk," he said at last, "it goes to many people?"

I nodded, and he spoke again.

"They believe?"

I smiled and said, "I hope so."

Again there came a silence. And when he spoke once more, it was with the chant and gesture that I had known in childhood.

It was hard for me to understand the guttural

Chinook jargon which once had been a language as familiar to me as my own. I interrupted many times to have him translate for me, and he patiently repeated until I comprehended. So I shall not attempt the tale as Twana Tyee told it. But the substance of it is his own, and the truth that is in the telling.

"There is a story that I wish to tell you, because of a wrong that was done, and a deception. You must write the story truly, so that many men will see it, and when they read the silent talk, they shall not blame my father any more.

"Many were the white men who in my youth, would say to me, 'Twana Tyee, your father was a cheat.' And I would hang my head in sorrow, knowing that it was true, yet not wishing to tell the white men why my father did the thing he did. They would not have understood—perhaps they will not now. But you will understand, because you have known me long; you know the heart of my people. Make then the silent talk, set down the words that I shall give you. And when people read my words and yours, let them not blame my father any more."

Many years ago, Klumatch, a young man who in course of time would be the Tyee, or chief, of the fast-dwindling Twana tribes, went into the woods to undergo the ordeal of purification. A great ordeal it was, indeed, for it lasted eight long days, and con-

sisted of starvation, of deep meditation, of prayers and dances and sacrifices to the good and evil spirits. All the young men of the tribe were required to undergo the ceremony; for when, at last, their bodies were exhausted and their minds open to the speaking of the unseen voices of nature, then it was that they learned the wisdom of many things, the value of good, the foolishness of evil. And in that trance-like state, when all about them was like a dream, the first living thing they encountered on their homeward journey became a "totem," a sacred and revered spirit of protection and wisdom. Never could they molest the bird or animal thus met; always should they reverence it as their own particular deity.

Now Klumatch, being the son of the chief, was sent forth into the forest for retirement and meditation. Deep, deep, into the woods he went, journeying for many days, until at last he found himself in a solitude so vast, so profound, that it seemed to him he heard the very heart of nature beating.

For eight days he remained there, doing all the things expected of a youth who in time should be the leader of his people. At the end of eight days he was weak with hunger, hollow-eyed from lack of sleep; his head was like a ball of cobweb tissue, so light was it, so seemingly unstable. But Klumatch was happy, for he had fulfilled the necessary conditions of coming into

manhood. And so he started on the long journey homeward, looking eagerly for any living thing that might cross his path. But no bird, no beast, he saw, such was the stillness, the solitude, into which he had come.

Then suddenly, from the top of a tall, dead pine tree, he heard a fluttering, and a shower of sticks and branches fell around him. Even as he looked up, he saw a tumble of gray feathers, a beating of futile young wings—and a baby eagle, frightened and resentful, lay in a huddle at his feet.

“Ai-yah!” cried the boy, scarcely believing his eyes at what he saw.

For of all birds, the golden eagle is the most powerful, the most sacred. And that the king of birds, the sacred bird (by whom, say the Indians, life was created) should become his totem was an honor so great that the boy stood trembling, forgetful at the moment to make his cry to the Great Father: .

“I make faithful promise to protect this spirit and all his tribe and kinsmen. When the rest shall shoot, my arrow shall remain in my hand. When the others shall say, ‘Let us kill,’ I will say, ‘It is my totem, my sacred friend.’ ”

For the moment he stood forgetful to speak the words of the ritual, so overcome was he with the honor that the Sagh-a-lie Tyee, Great Chief of the Skies, had

conferred upon him. But it was only for an instant. He raised his hands and chanted the ancient words of thankfulness. Then, according to custom, he should have gone on and left the bird in peace.

But the baby eagle still lay before him, stunned and bruised, peeping a little bewildered cry, unable to walk or fly.

Klumatch, stooping, saw that the eaglet had broken its wing in its fall from the nest. So with eager, gentle hands he lifted the baby bird, already as large as a raven, and carried it carefully, using the utmost caution lest its wing should be hurt the more. At first the baby eagle pecked viciously at the boy, until the skin was broken and blood was oozing out. But he spoke to it softly, caressingly, in a chant that he composed as he walked.

"My brother, my brother, little bird from the pine tree, you and I will be chieftains some day. I shall wear a feather from the tip of your wing, and you shall have clams and fish every day. Sleep, little brother, we two are related. I will always be your friend and protect you."

Presently the fledgling ceased its pecking and its plaintive peeping, and slept, with its drowsy young head tucked under the wing that was not broken.

And so Klumatch came to his father's tribe, where they made camp by the waters of Ka-ma-kwo, and the

tah-ma-na-wis men went to meet him, shaking their rattles made of deer hoofs, and wearing their painted wolf masks. When they saw that he carried a young eagle, they danced about him and leaped high into the air, for it was an omen of great fortune, and all the tribe rejoiced with the son of the Tyee that night.

Now, although the tribe of Twana welcomed the young eagle's presence as being a powerful and protective spirit, the boy Klumatch came to love the hurt baby bird as something nearer, dearer, than a supernatural totem. They dared give no name to the king of all the birds; it would have been presumption of a most dangerous kind. They called the eagle "Tyee," which means chief. And as if the kingly fledgling knew of their awe in regard to him, he assumed an air of insolence toward all the tribe—insolence toward all save one. He would lunge viciously at anyone who dared come near him—unless it were Klumatch who came. And for the boy, Klumatch, he had a joyous little peep that ended in a shrill scream of happiness. He would sit on the arm of the young chieftain and receive from his fingers clams and fish with a gentleness that was amazing. And when, in time, the wing healed, and he could fly, he could be called down from the top of any tree if Klumatch spoke his name.

Soon Tyee, the young eagle, learned to fish for himself. When the salmon were running toward fresh

water in the fall, he would poise himself on some high bank above the bay, his amber eyes fixed and unblinking, his yellow beak with its kingly curve as hard and ruthless as a scimitar. When a salmon leaped, he would swoop down with the speed of a hurtling stone, snatch up the luckless fish in his great talons, and flap heavily but surely back to the height from which he had flown. Sometimes he misjudged the size of the salmon he attacked. More than once he undertook too large a fish, a fish so great and strong that it could carry him down into the water with its struggles. At such times he was all but helpless. For his wings, powerful as they were, were not equipped as are the wings of a sea-gull, which shed the water lightly. And it was at such a time as this that Klumatch saved his life.

Often Klumatch would come to the high bank and lie there watching Tyee dive for fish, and speaking to him as if the eagle could understand his words. But one day, when he came to the cliff above the bay, Tyee was not there. Klumatch scanned the surrounding trees for a glimpse of his friend, and called as he was wont to call.

“Tyee, my little brother, come to me!”

But he was not answered. Then he looked down at the blueness of the water far beneath him, and he saw there a struggling mass of feathers, a terrific beating

of the water, a churning of white wave foam. He saw that Tyee, the young eagle, who had hurled himself upon too large a salmon, had been drawn under the water, and was in peril of drowning because he could not lift himself above the waves.

Klumatch called loudly, clearly, "See Tyee, brother, I am coming!"

Then he leaped down from the great height, his brown body cleaving the water like a slender arrow. With swift, powerful strokes he swam to Tyee, and the young eagle called him as he came, a plaintive, terror-stricken scream like the panic of a child. He was floating, there, helpless in the water, his kingly plumage drenched and useless, his wings spread inertly upon the waves. Klumatch swam to him, dived beneath him, lifted the young eagle upon his naked brown shoulders. Then he swam to the shore, and Tyee clung to him with his sharp yellow talons so closely that the flesh was pierced and the blood ran down into the water. But Klumatch did not mind; he bore the pain without murmuring. He brought the young eagle safely to shore and with fragrant moss wiped the bedraggled plumage until the feathers were dry and beautiful once more.

Then came the day when Tyee, the eagle, grown almost to his full kingly size, saved the life of Klumatch who loved him and was his brother.

The boy, come now into early manhood, went out into the forest one golden autumn day. How he came to grief in the bear-pit, dug perhaps by his own people, he never knew. But come to grief he did, for the covering of leaves and moss was treacherously soft and yielding. He sank through, falling heavily into the deep darkness. A sharp stake cut his forehead deeply, and so great was the pain that wisdom and judgment fled from his mind. He could only moan and talk of foolish things. And in that babbling nightmare dream he spent the next two days.

His father found him then. And the tribe told a marvelous story of it. Told how the golden eagle had come and screamed above the village, flying in swift, agitated circles, swooping down as if to rest his wings, then darting out and away over the wooded darkness of the hills. Puzzled, they watched him, and the *tah-ma-na-wis* men wondered what sort of omen it might be. They cast down their red medicine sticks, but received from them no message. Only the eagle flew in circles above the village, flying out toward the forest and then at length returning.

At first, they gave no thought to the absence of Klumatch. For it was like him to be gone for days in his *canim* on the water, or to roam through the woods wherever he chose to go. But on the second day the chief of the *tah-ma-na-wis* men gravely said:

"Behold, this eagle Tyee is the totem of the chief-tain's son. He is his guardian spirit and protector. Let us, then, follow the chief of the birds, and perhaps he will lead us to Twana Klumatch, who may be in trouble or in pain."

So they followed the eagle, who flew swiftly, steadily, toward the darkness of the forest. He led them on and on, and at length perched in the branches of a pine tree and screamed. It was then that they found the boy, half dead from fever, and they carried him back to the village. The *tah-ma-na-wis* men danced the fever dance about him, donned their devil masks, and drove the spirit of sickness out of him.

He lived, and the tribe rejoiced. And thenceforth they gave double homage to the eagle Tyee, chief of the birds.

Now, these were the days when the white man was known, yet unknown. Wild and desolate was the country of the Ka-ma-kwo; there was nothing in the gloomy forests nor in the turbulent waters to tempt the white man's greed. When Klumatch was yet a youth, the white men did not come. But when he was grown to manhood, and his father, the old Tyee, was very feeble and scarcely able to take his place in the line of the weaving spirit dance, then it was that, little by little, men with pale faces and shrewd, calculating eyes invaded the country of the Twanas. They came to cut

the timber that was in the lofty forests; they came to shoot the wild things that dwelt within the shadows. They plowed up land and fenced it in, they built rough yet comfortable cabins, they spoke with insolent assurance of *their* land—the land of the Twana people.

And they pushed the Indians back before them, quietly, insistently, taking more and more land, building docks and warehouses upon the beaches where the Twanas had dug for clams, filling the bay with fast-moving boats that crowded out the painted *canims* with their carved and curving prows. They went with guns into the forests, drove the animals from their fastnesses, dealt out death with noisy, never-ending greed. And the tribes of Twana, of Kitsap, of Snohomish, and of Mitka watched with helpless, bewildered eyes, watched the white man's lordly coming. There was nothing they could do, nothing but go. And so the tribe of Twana went far up the waters of Ka-ma-kwo. And in a wild, forgotten place, where gaunt cliffs rose up from behind the ragged, sullen forest, there they built rude shelters, set up their totem-poles before their ugly shanties, and took up life as best they could, making but the barest living.

With the tribe of Twana went Tyee, the golden eagle. Never had he mated, as the other eagles mate. Always his place had been where Klumatch had his home. At night he hunched himself in sleep upon a

carven pole near the bed of skins where Twana Klumatch slept.

But when they came to this strange place far removed from the haunts of men, then Tyee chose a dwelling-place that should be his own forever. On the inaccessible heights of the steepest cliff, in the bare, ghost-like branches of a pine tree long since dead, there the Twana totem made his home. Aloof from men—even the red men whom he had known since a wounded fledgling—he lived in gloomy solitude. It was as if the eagle knew the meaning of the white man's coming, knew that the red men were children of the twilight, that they set their faces toward the darkness.

Now, it came to pass that the father of Klumatch died. And for seven days and seven nights they mourned him, dancing the ghost dance about the funeral pyre built high of logs and branches. Upon the funeral pyre they laid him, the old chief of the Twana people, who had been in his day a mighty warrior and the leader of the tribe. They put his carven cedar *canim* upon the pile, that he might guide it over the dark waters of the spirit land. They placed in his hand the *tah-ma-na-wis* stick that only chieftains may carry; they piled skins and bows and arrows about him that he might progress in comfort to the land of departed souls. And all the women wailed the death song for the great departed warrior.

Then Klumatch, who now was chieftain, placed a lighted torch against the bristling pitchy branches. The flames leaped up against the sky, reddened the sullen water. The *tah-ma-na-wis* men circled slowly about the fiercely blazing pyre, and the night was filled with chanting and the wailing of the women.

During the years that followed, Klumatch took his father's place in the leadership of his people. But the twilight had come down upon the glory of the Twanas. One by one the carven *canims* were sold for food that always rose in price; the ponies were sold, and the skins and mats. Poverty took the place of plenty. Dimly the people of the Twana tribe knew that afar off dwelt a kindly Great White Father, who sometimes sent messages of affection to his people. But between them and this kindly god, whose word was law throughout the country, were men of greedy, evil minds who had no thought of pity. They traded to the red men bottles filled with pungent liquor; they took their furs, their lands, their wealth, and gave them liquid poison.

Vainly did Klumatch, the Twana chief, preach against this drink of terror. For he, as became a Twana Tyee, was wiser than his people. But they did not heed him, neither the white men whom he entreated not to sell the fiery liquid, nor the red men whom he commanded not to trade their lands for liquor.

Now, still the eagle Tyee lived in the bare and lofty pine tree. Grew old with years, yet still was strong, and the totem of the Twanas. So inaccessible was the cliff upon which the pine tree grew that no white man had ever scaled its walls, though many had essayed the climb. Only Klumatch, the Twana chieftain, knew the almost hidden trail that led upward to the summit where the golden eagle lived. And every month of every year he would make the tiresome journey, with a bag of food slung on his back, an offering to his totem.

Steadily the years went by. Klumatch took a wife who bore him many children. And never once did he, the Twana chieftain, fail in the monthly pilgrimage to the lofty cliff where dwelt the eagle Tyee.

The eagle still remembered him, still claimed him as a friend. And although sometimes the wind-swept cliff would be empty of his presence and the branches of the dead pine deserted, Klumatch had but to call, to wait a little time in patience. Then he would see a speck that was black against the sky, a moving speck that nearer came and larger, larger grew. Tawny wings that spread out against the clouds in regal, kingly power, a body swift as the lightning's dart, that fell like a star from heaven. And then the eagle, Tyee, coming gracefully to rest, always with a welcoming scream that spoke to Klumatch, saying:

"Behold, my brother, I have come from the trails that lead to sky-land. I saw you, and I hastened home to give you friendly greeting."

Then would Klumatch open the leather sack and spread the food before the eagle. Fish and clams and fresh-killed rabbits, cakes made out of secret herbs. And when the eagle had eaten, had satisfied his hunger, Klumatch would sit and speak to him, telling all his troubles; how his people grew poorer, how sickness came upon them, how the shadows of oblivion touched the dwindling Twana people.

"Oh, my brother, Eagle Tyee, sacred totem of my people, you are chief among the birds, you are near the great Sagh-a-lie. Fly up higher, ever higher, until you see his great white tepee; until you find Ilahee, the land of happy spirits. Tell the great Sagh-a-lie that the children faint with hunger; tell him of the sickness that magic will not cure. Tell him that the white men who came to us in friendship are more deadly than the mountain puma; we fall beneath their footsteps. Bear our message to him, O Tyee of the birds, and we will do you honor."

Sometimes, after Klumatch, the Twana Tyee, had come back from the long and arduous journey, the catch of salmon would be greater, and the hunting would be bettered. Then the tribe would hold a joyful feast and dance the eagle dance, saying to each other

in eager thankful voices, "How kindly is our Tyee, the totem of our tribe!"

But soon the money thus obtained would be spent, or lost, or squandered. Deeper in the debt of the white men they would be. And Klumatch strove in vain to check the spreading evil.

The slow years passed, taking their toll of life and glory. Klumatch grew old before his time. His heart was burned with sorrows that checked the life-blood in him. He seldom spoke, except when upon his monthly journey he took offerings of food to the totem of the Twanas. Once it was said that a fisherman at the foot of the bleak, inaccessible cliff heard a human voice crying aloud in anguish, an eerie, wailing cry like the death-cry of a chieftain. And he heard, too, the screaming of an eagle, high and strident and compelling, as if the kingly bird understood and answered the sorrow of his brother.

Now it became known to the white men who overran the country, that a golden eagle, the largest of his kind ever seen by mortal eyes, lived upon that gaunt, high cliff, in a barren, lonely pine tree. Many were the traps they laid for Tyee, the eagle chieftain; many were the ways in which they sought to kill him. They tried to barter with the Indians for the life of the kingly eagle; offered blankets, groceries, whisky, but not even that could tempt them. For low as the

red men had sunk, far and dim as was their ancient glory, still they held some few things too sacred to be sold for food or drink or money. And most sacred to them above all things was the totem of their tribe, Tyee, the eagle totem who was the brother of their chieftain.

It seemed as if the old, old eagle was immune from death or danger. For no bullet ever touched him, and he scorned the poisoned meat that the white men laid out carefully on the beach below the cliff. He was wary, yet indifferent. He knew to the veriest inch how low to fly with safety; he could see with perfect ease the hidden hunters waiting. He would fly, and scream, and circle, just above their bullets' range, and come at last to rest triumphantly upon the bare and lonely pine tree. Many white men tried to climb the cliff, to gain its lofty summit. But not one of them succeeded. And the eagle mocked their efforts.

Two white men there were, collectors of skins of birds and beasts, to whom the eagle Tyee was a constant, irritating challenge. When all the other hunters had acknowledged themselves defeated, these two men swore that by some means they would have the great bird's body. Cleverly they played upon the sorry poverty of the red men, promised untold wealth to the Indian who would aid them. But all that they found, by dint of many gifts of liquor, was that Klumatch,

the Twana chieftain, knew the secret of the cliff. That he alone had climbed it, not once, but every month, and that the golden eagle, so aloof from all humanity, was to him like a friendly trustful fledgling. That the two communed together upon the inaccessible summit of the cliff, and that there was no bribe so large and glittering that could tempt him to disloyalty.

Nevertheless, the white men came to Klumatch, with voices that clinked as if with silver. And Klumatch heard them gravely, impassively, their offers and their promises, if he would bring to them the eagle that they might kill and stuff it.

"Have you a brother?" he asked of them, when they had paused for breath. "Yes? Then bring me his body, lay it on a mat of reeds outside my house, and I will fetch you in exchange the body of this eagle. For he is my brother; many years ago the pact was made. He and I were fledglings, sons of chieftains. He and I have grown very old. We are Tyees but in name. For my tribe is passing into the shadows, and the eagle has for a kingdom but a tall and naked pine tree. Yet there is between us, O men of strange pale faces, something that I cannot speak of, for the understanding of this thing is not within your hearts. Only by my first words can I make my meaning clear. Bring me your brother's body, and you shall have the eagle."

So the white men went forth, baffled, and with many

disgruntled curses. And the distant screaming of the eagle was like a taunt of triumph.

Now a dreadful calamity came upon the tribe of Twanas. A sickness that hacked away the heart and lungs, a disease that the *tah-ma-na-wis* men could not cure with spells and dances. And there came a dreadful winter, with snows and driving rains. Icy winds that lashed the waters into fretful, snarling fury, that beat against the rude, unstable houses, crept up against the huddled fishing boats upon the beach, ground them into fragments, and swallowed up the nets.

Sickness, and want, and misery. Always the wailing of the death chant, the futile hoarseness of the medicine-men's voices, the desperate monotone of shuffling feet dancing the dance of prayer, the clicking of the deer-hoof rattles. Klumatch made on foot the long journey to see the Indian agent. He came back with promises—vague promises—but with empty hands.

Then, like those birds which feed on carrion, and scent in some mysterious way the slow approach of death, came the two white men to the village of the Twanas. They came again to Klumatch, whose house was all but empty. He had given skins and blankets to his stricken, suffering people. They found him sitting with dull, unseeing eyes. For his wife had died, and two sons. Another son, the youngest, lay stricken with a fever.

Again they spoke to him of the money they would give him if he would deliver the eagle into their hands. They spoke with skill and cunning of how his people suffered, of how it was in his power to buy them food and clothing. He stared at them, as though unheeding. But they knew he listened. And so they offered more money, and still more. At last he raised his hand.

"The white men have a magic that we Twanas have not learned. Have you a *tah-ma-na-wis* man who will come and heal my people?"

They promised eagerly a doctor who should come and bring his magic.

And then, in a voice that was dull, without feeling, Klumatch drove his bargain, specified the things he wanted.

"When the eagle is delivered to us you shall have them all, and more."

But he shook his head impatiently, drew his tattered blanket around him. "My needs are swifter than your desire," he said with a heavy guttural voice. "I have need for blankets now, and for food to feed my people. Here is my word, and no more will I say. Bring here the things that you have promised, bring the white *tah-ma-na-wis* man. Let him dance his medicine dance and cure my stricken people. If this is done, then you shall have the body of the eagle."

They knew his word was final. And so they did not argue. They hurried forth with triumph in their hearts. They bent their heads into the whipping of the wind and did not mind the biting blast because they had gained their purpose.

When the members of the Twana tribe learned of the words he had spoken, they dragged themselves, shivering and aching, to the door of Klumatch's dwelling.

"Ai-wai!" they cried in anguish. "What is this thing you have done? Why have you given such a promise to the white men? Look you, if we live, if the white medicine-man can cure us, our spirits will be doomed to dark and dreadful punishment. For the killing of a totem is forbidden; it is against our old-time teachings. We shall be accursed; all the tribes will scorn us. Our children will be known as the sons of those who betrayed their sacred totem!"

Klumatch looked upon them with his heavy, pain-filled eyes. And his voice was very gentle as he answered their reproaches.

"Do not raise your voices against me. I must do what to my heart seems good. Well do I know of how my coming deed shall be judged. I have no words of softness to justify my will. Only my son, if he lives, shall some day tell the truth about it."

Nothing more would he say, and they left him sit-

ting silent by the wind-blown, smoking embers, staring dully at the fire, with his tattered robe around him.

When the white doctor came with his box of potent magic, he looked with amazed eyes at the plight of the Twana people. He scowled at the two white men who had brought him and who hung like jackals about the village, waiting impatiently for the cure to be effected.

"Pay?" he snapped at them. "No, I'll take no pay from you. It's a rotten bargain you have driven with that poor, sick, miserable Indian."

And so he worked day and night, trying to stop the awful sickness. Some died. And then the *tah-ma-na-wis* men were angry and wished to kill the doctor. But Klumatch sternly forbade them, saying:

"He is not like the two who brought him. He makes good medicine. And if some have passed across the spirit river, it is because the owl has hooted over their house at nightfall; it is because their time has come to make the last dark journey."

At last the stubborn sickness gave way before the magic of the white man. Klumatch, as was befitting a chieftain of the Twanas, never spared himself, scarce took time for food or sleep. The white doctor commanded him, and he obeyed in all things completely, even though he could not understand the meaning of the boxes filled with balls of brown or white, or the curious-smelling bottles filled with bitter-tasting liquid.

When some of the young men gained strength enough to walk, to go out with their few remaining nets and bring in a catch of salmon, then there was great rejoicing in the tribe, and they forgot in the joyousness of regained health the doom that lay upon them.

But Klumatch did not forget.

Neither did the white men forget, they who had mind for but one thing—the body of the golden eagle. And so they came again to Klumatch, reminding him of his promise. He heard them gravely, as was his wont, and spoke briefly when they had finished.

“I have not forgotten your desire, nor the promise that I made. This night, at the foot of the eagle’s cliff, you shall have the eagle’s body.”

Then quietly, unhurriedly, as if it were a simple thing he did, he took out his ceremonial knife from its wrapping of fine reed matting. The ceremonial knife of the Twana chiefs, with the hilt in the form of an eagle, its copper blade traced with mysterious symbols which only a chieftain may know.

He commanded that none should come to him unless they saw a signal fire. And without a word to the tribe, who gazed upon him with silent, fearful faces, he set his face toward the high, gaunt cliff. And no man dared to follow.

The long day passed, a gusty, fretful day, with patches of blue sky that were swallowed up by hungry,

rolling clouds. The waves beat sullenly against the sandy beach, and the somber murmur of the pine trees was like a chant of mourning.

They waited the long day through, the men and women of the tribe of Twana, fearful, uneasy of mind and body; and the white men waited, too, eager, impatient, thinking only of their triumph.

Came the darkness, cold and windy, a clouded, leaden sky that was like a funeral blanket. The Twanas lit their fires of driftwood and cooked their frugal meals. But all thoughts and faces were turned toward the distant, looming cliff, where against the blackness of the sky its frowning bulk was lifted.

Then—a signal fire! A thin point of light that was like a beckoning finger. There arose from the huddled groups a plaintive whimper of fear. They were like children called upon to witness some terrifying thing. Yet they obeyed the fiery summons. They went forth into the darkness, stumbling down the beach, and the white men followed, unwilling to be left behind.

The signal fire grew brighter, bigger. Now to those who hastened forward were the gaunt cliffs made visible, staring wanly, like ghosts awakened from age-old slumber. Now did the clustering fir trees throw dark, dancing shadows upon the glistening beach; now the waves, clamoring sullenly upon the wetness of the

sand, caught fitful reflections of the leaping, wind-blown flames.

Suddenly they heard above the noise of wind and water the screaming of an eagle, strident and compelling. The Twana people stood still and trembled, and the women started wailing. For they thought it was the spirit of the totem come to curse them.

But they saw their chieftain standing erect and regal by the fire. He beckoned that they should come nearer. And they crept forward, whimpering, trembling. Erect stood Klumatch by the fire, with the ruddy light upon him. Close by him was a pole driven deeply in the ground. A cross-piece had been fastened to it, lashed with leathern thongs. And upon the cross-piece, like a god, perched the Twana totem, Tyee.

The eagle sat with head uplifted, as though puzzled by the strangeness of the manner of his brother. Yet he sat with silent confidence, his amber eyes fixed steadfastly upon the face of Klumatch.

The Twana people heard the voice of Klumatch chanting words of prayer. They saw him slowly dance the spirit dance, as if for a chieftain about to die.

The white men stood still, listening, staring, comprehending only that the great bird whom they so desired was there, in life, before them. But the Twana people moaned as they heard the fateful chant-

ing. For they knew the ceremonial song. It addressed the sacred eagle, praying that his spirit should seek the great Sagh-a-lie.

"O, Tyee, sacred totem, fly up to the great Sagh-a-lie; tell him that the deed I do is for the Twana people. Tell him that their lot is hard; let him look with pity on them. They are children of the twilight, and the darkness comes upon them."

Then he raised the copper blade, and it twinkled in the firelight. Close he went, and closer, toward the silent, watching eagle. A shuddering cry of terror rose from all the Twana people. For the knife was raised—it gleamed—it fell—cleanly through the heart—*of Klumatch*. . . .

There were screams, and moans, and wailings. Huddled terror, and confusion. The white men gasped and cursed with fury; they ran forward toward the eagle.

But the eagle, Tyee, screamed out at them, spread wide his mighty wings. And as if he knew them guilty of the death blood of his brother, he lifted his powerful body and hurled himself upon them. They beat at him with frenzied arms—they tried to snatch up fagots. But the mighty eagle, screaming, tore their clothes, their limbs, their faces. Whirling, rising in the air, falling with avenging fury, Tyee, the Twana totem, avenged the death blood of his brother. And

at last the white men fled, stumbling through the windy darkness, moaning as the Twana people had moaned, crying out with pain and terror.

Then the sacred eagle, Tyee, circled thrice about the firelight, above the huddled, sobbing people, above the silent body of the chieftain whom he loved. Thrice he circled, screaming a lonely, eery cry. Then higher, higher rising, up and out into the night, never to be seen again by red man or by white man, out into the wind-swept darkness slowly flew the golden eagle.

Silence fell upon us when Twana Tyee had told his story. Outside the rain fell dim and fragrant; the little waves lapped softly upon the wet and shining shore.

His peering eyes searched my face to know if I had understood. And I sat silent, not yet knowing why he had told the story. He saw that I did not understand, and so he spoke again, his wrinkled face turned toward the fire as if again he saw the picture.

"They called my father cheat and coward, those two white men long ago. But only I, his son, knew the whole truth of the matter. For he spoke to me that day, before he took the knife of copper, telling me what he would do, and he told me to keep silent. The men of strange pale faces would not understand, he said, how deep and terrible was the need of the

stricken Twana people. Neither would they understand how he broke his word, yet kept it. How he lied, yet told the whitest truth. For his name, Klumatch, means 'Eagle.' "

Then I nodded, smiling as best I could. For tears were very near my eyes. And the old chief, Twana Tyee, spread out his wrinkled hands and fell into the jargon of the guttural Chinook.

"Mika Mamook delate wa-wa; delate wa-wa mika tum-tum, nanich Sagh-a-lie Tyee.

"My heart speaks truth, I hide nothing. Truthful is my speech before the Great Sky Father."

The Legend of the Chaup Nuá

FROM Mesa Grande, tucked back in the sunlit hills of California, came this legend of the Chaup Nuá. Not too much should be expected of it in the way of literary value, for it is like one of the pieces of pottery fashioned by the San Diegeño Indians, crude, with a naive inconsistency as to form and detail, yet possessed of a certain primitive beauty. And it is useful, this legend, even as the pottery of the tribe is useful, for it explains many things. Why the Coast Indians cremate their dead; why there are deep holes in the smooth mountain slopes back of Elsinore; why thunder may be heard in the San Bernardino mountains on a clear day; and, most important of all, it explains the origin of the white crow of Mesa Grande. Should you be so literal-minded as to doubt some of the substance of this legend, the Indians have proof of most convincing kind. The white crow still lives at Mesa Grande, the leader of his flock. And indeed, I can vouch for this much, for I myself have seen him.

It was not easy to procure this legend of antiquity.

So old is it that the younger Indians do not know it, save that the Chaup was a mythical person, half god, half human, and his house, or *nuá*, is a stony place back of Powam Lodge. It has sinister connections and should be strictly avoided after nightfall. There are deep holes in the rocks there, worn smooth by some unknown process. But rumor has it that the holes were made by Chaup, the mighty, grinding human bones for his unholy meals. Sometimes, upon dark nights, say the San Diegeño Indians, you can hear the clop, clop, of a rocky pestle upon the stones. At such times it is well to think firmly of the white crow, and even mention his name aloud. Because the white crow is the only person, so the San Diegeños say, who was ever able to thwart the evil magic of the Chaup. And even he was punished for his temerity, as his snow-white plumage testifies.

It was only by a lucky accident that I learned this ancient legend. My object in visiting Francisco Nejo, who lives close by the old fiesta grounds, was to have him tell the story of how the Coast Indians came to the West. There is a tradition that these red men of California are a remnant of the Four Nations, who, coming from the East and following the setting sun, reached a place where there were mighty walls on every side, and where a turbulent river ran like a green thread through a narrow, fertile valley.

It is the place which the white men call "Grand Cañon." There the Four Tribes paused, and having paused, disintegrated. Some stayed on in that wild but fertile valley and were the founders of the Hopi tribe, farmers and magicians of corn. The warlike members of the tribe, unwilling to till the soil, were the remote ancestors of the fierce Apaches. Then there was another portion of the tribe, whose restlessness drove them on. They followed the setting sun, westward, always westward, carving pictures on cliffs and mountainsides, curious, enigmatic hieroglyphs that no white man has translated. At last they reached the ocean, and there they made their home.

Whether or not this tale be true, the Mesa Grande Indians can give no other history of themselves. And it was to question Francisco Nejo concerning it that the Bird Man and I rode out one glorious sunlit day from Powam Lodge, "The Place of Rest," which overlooks the warmly undulating hills, to Francisco Nejo's dwelling.

I rode Yaqui, a pinto pony, who grunted painfully whenever I suggested that he lope or trot. The Bird Man rode a sleepy, long-legged horse whose name, Lightning, had evidently been wished upon him through ignorance, or perhaps a sense of humor.

They say that the old West is gone, blotted out by civilization. But it has not gone; it is only invisible to

those who dash along macadam roads in noisy automobiles. We saw it that day, as we rode slowly, contentedly, through the warmth and dust and sunshine, overhead, the calm blue sky, translucent as only the sky of California can be. There was a moving dot across its tranquil arch, a hawk that glided lazily, seemingly indifferent to the world beneath, yet keenly on the alert for the slightest movement of bird or beast. On either side the hills rolled away, brown and barren, giving off the scent of pungent sage-brush. In a meadow by a little stream cattle browsed contentedly. And across the way, beyond a fence, a dead coyote lay, with buzzards, like hooded monks, surrounding the stiffened body in solemn, hungry conclave.

Riders passed us in clouds of yellow dust, cowboys wearing broad-brimmed sombreros and gaudy neckerchiefs; swarthy, stately Indians, who rode as if they and their horses were of a piece. Always they passed us with a courteous bending of the head, and a murmured,

"Buenos dias, señor, señorita!"

At a stream that trickled down through a grove of willows, an old Indian woman was washing meal. She paused to stare at us, without salutation or gesture of the hand, and when we had gone by, she still stared after us, silent, heavy-lidded, resentful.

We came at last to Francisco Nejo's dwelling. Just

a shanty perched on top of a hill that overlooked the old fiesta ground, and near the little Catholic church where, in the churchyard, are buried Francisco Nejo's forebears—his mother's people, and his grandfather, Mataweer, Killer of Rattlesnakes, the last chief of the San Diegño tribe.

Just a shanty, I said. Yet Francisco Nejo welcomed us to it as if it had been a palace. We tied our horses to the branches of a live-oak tree, and Francisco invited us to sit in the comparative coolness of the dooryard. A gloriously erect Indian is Francisco, whose hair is gray, and whose years are many. But the vigor of youth is his, and every year in the fiesta races he rides—and rides to win—his horse, Negra, bareback.

We sat in the shade and spoke haphazardly of many things. Francisco's knowledge of English is limited, and our Spanish vocabulary was not too extensive. It was his daughter, Rosita, to whom we were indebted for a clear translation of questions asked and answers given. She was the link between us, who were of the new world, and her father, who was of the old.

Then, as we talked, we saw an old, old man come slowly and painfully up the winding trail. His body was bent and crippled; his eyes were dim and bleared.

"My father's great-uncle, Manuel Duro," said Rosita.

We asked how old he was, and Rosita spread out her hands. "I do not know—my father says he does not know. Perhaps a hundred years—or more. He is the oldest of our tribe, but he still dances the eagle dance every year at the fiesta. I think he is the only one left who remembers the legends of our people."

Old Manuel Duro shuffled forward, and Francisco gave him greeting. The old man seemed not to see us, the white intruders, sitting there, yet we knew that he was keenly conscious of our presence. He sat down upon a wooden bench and stared in silent abstraction across the sunlit valley. And when, at last, I ventured to ask Rosita if her great-great-uncle would tell us a legend of his people, she translated the request to her father, who in turn revolved the question in his mind, and passed it on to Manuel Duro in the archaic language of the San Diegeños.

Old Manuel Duro spoke briefly, gutturally, without deigning to look or glance at us. . . .

"He says the white men laugh," translated Rosita, not without embarrassment.

"Tell him that we shall not laugh," I urged her, "and tell him that his words shall be given to many, many people, so that the lore of the Indians shall not be forgotten when those who know the stories have passed away."

Through her father Rosita gave the message to

Manuel Duro, who seemed not to hear, but who sat silent, staring with his shadowed eyes across the sun-flecked hills. For a long time we sat there, and at first I felt a great impatience. Then gradually the peace of the golden day and the understanding of a race that is not pressed for time stole in upon my heart and mind. I glanced at the Bird Man and saw that he, too, had felt it. Rosita, the link between the old world and the new, sat placidly, her hands folded in her lap, her dark eyes wandering contentedly from dooryard to hill, and from hill to valley. Francisco Nejo sat motionless also, erect, yet restfully, as a chieftain might sit, waiting for the story-teller of the tribe to begin his chanting tale. Somehow they knew, these two, that Manuel Duro would tell a story. Somehow I knew it too, although the old man had not moved, had given no sign of assent.

Then, suddenly, he commenced to speak. A guttural sing-song that had in it the throbbing monotony of a drum. He began to gesture, at first awkwardly, then grandiloquently.

Francisco Nejo turned his kingly, quiet face upon us. "My great-uncle says that he will tell the story of the Chaup Nuá," he said.

"Many, many years ago, so long that it was before the time of my father, or my father's father, there lived a great and terrible medicine-man whose name

was Chaup. No one knows who his father was. Some say an eagle, and others say that a thunder-cloud gave him birth. But he had a grandmother, a very wicked old woman, whose name was Seenyo Hao. She ate human flesh, did this wicked old woman, and, for that matter, so did the Chaup, her grandson.

"At first, the Indians allowed him to take such people of their tribe as he wished. For he was a very powerful medicine-man, and they were afraid to refuse him anything he wanted.

"Why, he had so much power that when he shook his *ku-tat* (medicine-stick) at any one, that person would stand as still as a rock and not be able to move. That is the reason why all the medicine-men of our tribe have kept that power."

"Yes, that is true," Rosita commented gravely. "I myself have seen such a happening when I was a child."

"The Chaup had a bird who told him things, and told him what people to kill. All the medicine-men have that bird, a very evil bird. He flies at night and has a queer song."

"The whippoorwill, perhaps?" suggested the Bird Man.

Rosita nodded vaguely. "Perhaps so," she answered, but she was not sure.

The bird has a name, of course, in the San Diegeño

tongue, but it is not wise to speak it. The bird is really a very evil one.

"*Nacoom!*" said Francisco Nejo.

"For many, many years the wicked Chaup spread terror through the tribes. At the least offense he would revenge himself by bringing great floods, or, what was worse, long droughts, when the corn died, and the cattle starved to death. But most terrible was the toll of human lives. For sometimes on a clear day a rumbling would be heard as of thunder coming from the distant mountains. Then the Indians would know it for Seenyo Hao's voice demanding food, and they would hide their women and babies. But always the cunning Chaup would find them and drag them away.

"One day, however, the Chaup overstepped his authority. A chief of the Eagle tribe was missing, and although his wife waited for him two days and two nights, he did not come home at all. Then she came into the council and told how she had heard the evil bird of the Chaup crying outside her house and had hidden herself in a mat. When she found courage to come out, her husband, the chief, had vanished.

"The old men and the young men looked into each others' faces, and their eyes grew heavy with anger. For to kill a chief is much worse than to slay any number of women and babies.

"So they held a great council to which all of the

tribes were invited. The chief of the Diegeños made a long speech, telling how wicked the Chaup was, and how it was surely best that he be killed.

"Then he waited for someone to speak. But no one said anything.

" 'What!' cried the Diegeño chief at last, 'are not my words true?'

" 'Yes, indeed,' said all the old men.

" 'Yes, indeed,' said all the young men.

" 'Yes, indeed,' echoed the women on the outside of the council circle.

" 'Well, then,' said the Diegeño chieftain impatiently, 'why do you not say something?'

"Again there was silence, and all the men stared fixedly at the fire. At last, one of the oldest of the tribe rose to his feet.

" 'Your words are very good,' he said in a weak voice. 'We know that the Chaup is a wicked medicine-man, that his *ku-tat* can make us as stiff as a stone, that he can put a curse on our house by sneezing at it. We think indeed that he should be killed. But who will do it?'

"Then he sat down, and all the braves continued to look firmly at the fire.

"Just then there came a whirring of wings from the air above, and the Crow tribe came flying into the council circle. As they touched the earth, each bird

became a man. For the members of this tribe have always had the power to change themselves into birds merely by jumping into the air.

"The chief of the Crow tribe was a very handsome young man, who wore a ceremonial head-dress of jet-black crow wings. He greeted the chief of the Diegeños and apologized for being late.

" 'I stopped for a moment to speak to my cousin, the Chaup,' he said.

"Then everyone trembled with fear. For they had forgotten the relationship between the two. But the Crow chieftain knew what was in their hearts, and he spoke to them kindly, saying, 'Do not be afraid of me, or of my tribe. We, too, have suffered from flood and drought, and by having our women and babies slain. I know how bad my cousin is, and I think he should be killed.'

" 'So do we,' said the young men of the Diegeño tribe, 'but we are afraid of his great magic.'

" 'Yes, the Chaup has tremendous power,' admitted the Crow chief, 'but outside of his magic, he is not very intelligent. Look you, I shall pit my wits against his magic, and we shall see who will win. If you will follow me in all things, we shall put an end to his wickedness. But first of all, I shall find out if the Chaup really killed the Eagle chieftain.'

"Then he spread out his arms, and they became

wings. His followers spread out their arms, too, leaped up from the ground, and changed into crows. Their voices became bird cries, and they flew up above the council fire saying, 'Kaw! Kaw!'

"Now, the dreaded Chaup Nuá, or house of Chaup, was situated in a barren, desolate place. There were hills, brown and ugly, that stretched away to the skyline, where no living thing could find food or water. In the middle of this vast loneliness was a high, rocky mesa, with sides so steep and slippery that no one could climb to the top. In the exact center of the rocky circle was the Chaup's house, built of poles and rushes. The stone floor was pitted with deep and smooth holes, where human bones had been ground into meal. Most terrifying of all was the guardian of the Chaup Nuá, a huge rattlesnake, Aweer, who was thicker than a man's arm, and whose rattles shaking sounded like stones rolling down a steep mountainside.

"It was no wonder that the Indians shunned that terrible waste-land, the rocky mesa with its cruel guardian, and its still more cruel master.

"But the chief of the Crows, having the use of wings, was not afraid of the barren hills where no man could find food or water. He chose a time when the Chaup was visiting his grandmother, Seenyo Hao, in the distant mountains, and could be expected to remain away for a considerable length of time. Then

he flew for a day and a night, until he hovered about the rocky mesa where the giant snake, Aweer, was coiled in the doorway of the Chaup Nuá.

"He was still, however, far from being able to carry out the plans which had brought him to the dwelling-place of Chaup. For it is well known that a snake can charm a bird, and the Crow chief, in his dress of feathers, would have been an easy victim of the terrible rattlesnake's power. So he flew to earth just below the rocky mesa and became a man when his feet touched the ground.

"Aweer saw him then, and shook his rattles fiercely. The noise would have terrified the ordinary mortal, but the Crow chief stood his ground and picked up a rock and hurled it. Aweer, the rattler, struck out at the audacious chief with his poison fangs, but always the Crow chieftain jumped back and retaliated by throwing heavy stones. For many hours the two did battle. And at last, the Crow chief hurled a rock of tremendous size and killed the huge Aweer. Then he changed himself into a crow and flew up on the mesa, where the smooth, round holes in the rocky floor told sinister tales of the Chaup's cruel appetite.

"Just as he was about to enter the house of holes and rushes, came a great noise as of thunder, and the sky grew black with rolling clouds. The Crow chief knew that it was the Chaup returning. And as there

was nothing to do but put a bold face on his presence there, he stood quite still and assumed a careless manner that he was far from feeling.

"Another moment, and the mighty Chaup himself stood upon the rocky mesa, frowning darkly at his cousin, and fingering his terrible *ku-tat*, or medicine-stick, as if he were undecided whether or not to kill this intruder.

"'What are you doing here?' he shouted in a voice that made the earth tremble. 'And who has killed Aweer, the guardian of my house?'

"'Why, cousin,' said the Crow chief innocently, 'I came on a peaceable mission. The Indians of the coast and desert wish to give a great fiesta and beg the honor of your presence. As for Aweer, the rattler, he tried to slay me, and in self-defense I was forced to kill him.'

"The Chaup still considered, fingering the dreaded *ku-tat*. But the Crow chief looked so innocent, and so helpless, standing there all by himself, that Chaup was deceived into believing what he said. For it seemed impossible that anyone would venture to come alone on an unfriendly mission to the dreaded region of the Chaup Nuá.

"'Very well,' he said at last. 'You may as well come in.'

"The Crow chief followed Chaup into the house of

rushes. In a corner were three *mesquas*, or mats of finely woven reeds in which are kept sacred belongings. But they were carefully rolled up, so that their contents could not be seen.

“‘Let us drink,’ said the Chaup, and he gave his cousin a strong drink made from cactus juice.

“The Crow chief pretended to drink, but he poured the liquor upon the ground when the Chaup was not looking.

“‘Now, let us gamble,’ said the Crow chief. ‘I will wager you my coat of black crow feathers against the privilege of looking at your *mesquas*.’

“The Chaup, who was drinking a great deal of the heavy cactus liquor, consented. So they commenced to play *pe-on*, a game in which you hold a short, peeled willow stick in one of your closed hands, and your opponent must guess where it is. The Chaup lost. And he frowned darkly. Instantly there was thunder, and the day became dark and forbidding. But the Crow chief was not afraid. He unrolled the first *mesqua* and found inside it—soft, short, baby hairs.

“‘Let us gamble some more,’ he said, and they commenced to play *pe-on* once more.

“Again the Chaup lost. He snarled and showed his terrible teeth; lightning flashed, and the earth shook.

“But the Crow chief appeared not to notice. He went calmly to the second *mesqua*, unrolled it, and

looked inside. There were long black hairs—the hairs of many women.

“‘Come, come,’ he said heartily, ‘you will win this time sure. Think how well you would look in my coat of black crow feathers!’

“So again they played *pe-on*. And for the third time the Chaup lost. Then he roared and stamped upon the ground, and fire leaped up in ugly, knifelike flames. But the Crow chief kept his courage. He walked through the flames unscathed to the corner where lay the third *mesqua*. He unrolled it, and found—the long locks of a chieftain tipped with an eagle feather.

“‘Ah, my cousin,’ he said calmly, ‘so this is how the Eagle chief disappeared. Well, in that case, of course, you won’t want to come to the fiesta. It might be dangerous for you to appear.’

“‘Dangerous!’ screamed the Chaup, beside himself with rage. ‘What do you think I care for those puny weaklings? I am Chaup, Chaup the Mighty! I can turn their blood to water and crumble their bones in my hand. What can they do to me? Nothing! I cannot die!’

“‘How brave you are, and how invincible!’ said the Crow chief with feigned admiration. ‘And yet your grandmother, Seenyo Hao, told me that if you lost your right arm you would lose all your magic power.’

“‘She lies!’ shouted the Chaup. ‘Look and see!’

“Then he twisted his right arm off and flung it into the corner. Then he held out his left hand, and the arm came back and attached itself to his body. He laughed scornfully at the Crow chief’s amazement.

“‘Yet your grandmother told me that a gourdful of water thrown on you would make you melt like a ball of sand,’ urged the wily Crow chief.

“‘That, too, is a lie,’ said the Chaup with deep disgust. ‘The old woman has lived too long; I shall kill her some day and feed her carcass to my night bird. It is only fire that can injure me. Listen, Cousin Crow, I will tell you a secret; the reason I have so much power is because I command the spirits of the dead. The Indians put their dead out upon platforms of branches and let the buzzards and the coyotes eat them. Well, I say to the buzzards and the coyotes, “Bring me the spirit of that man when you have eaten his body.” And they always do. If the Indians burned their dead, then I should lose my power over them. Because fire can destroy both body and spirit.’

“‘Even your body and spirit?’ said the Crow chief carelessly.

“‘Even mine,’ answered the Chaup, unthinkingly. ‘Now go back and tell them that the Chaup will come to their fiesta—will come with noise of thunder and shakings of the earth. And let them beware how they

anger me. For I am Chaup the Mighty; I am the most powerful medicine-man in the world!

"There came at last the night appointed for the great fiesta of the tribes. From the desert the Indians came, from the coast, and from the distant mountains of Pala. A huge fire blazed in the center of the cleared space where the games and dances were to be held, and the old men of the tribes, and the warriors, sat in a solemn circle, each adorned with the head-dress of his house—the feathers of the owl, the fur of the beaver, or the skin of a snake. There was very little talking and no merriment. For everyone was afraid in his heart, although no one would have admitted it. Only the Crow chief, wearing his gorgeous head-dress of jet-black wings, seemed at ease. And such was the tension that the other chiefs were afraid to look at him or speak to him. For it was in the minds of all—'He is the Chaup's cousin. Perhaps he has betrayed us, perhaps the Chaup will destroy us all!' And so there was heavy, solemn silence.

"Now there came a rumbling as of thunder, and there were lightning flashes in the sky. The earth shook as from the tread of some powerful, supernatural being. The Chaup was approaching!

" 'Now,' said the Crow chief very quietly, 'keep your wits about you and follow me in all things.'

"Then he stood up to greet his cousin.

"The terrible Chaup strode into the firelight and looked about in snarling contempt upon the frightened, uneasy countenances of the Indians.

" 'Well,' he said, in a voice of thunder, 'I have come to the fiesta. What entertainment have you for me?'

"The Crow chief was quick to answer. 'Food and drink, powerful cousin, and some exhibitions of magic that may please you.'

" 'Bah!' said the Chaup. 'I want no food. When I feel the urge of hunger, I will pick out a chieftain here and grind up his bones for me and for my grandmother. As for magic, what can you offer me that I cannot do myself? But drink—I'll take that.'

"They brought him the strongest cactus liquor that they had been able to brew. And he drank it thirstily, for he had come a long way; from the San Bernardino mountains he had come, from the home of the terrible old woman, Seenyo Hao. So he drank greedily and became very boastful and overbearing.

" 'Let me see your magic!' he shouted. 'Let me see you do anything that I cannot do much better!'

"The Crow tribe then arose, and with the Crow chief in the lead, they began to dance slowly about the fire. Suddenly the chief sprang into the air, spreading out his arms. The young men followed him, and as they leaped up from the ground their arms became wings, and their voices became hoarse bird cries.

"'Kaw! Kaw!' they cried, and circled about the fire.

"Then they came to earth, and as their feet touched the ground, they became men once more.

"'Ho, ho!' shouted the Chaup scornfully. 'You call *that* magic? Look at this!'

"Then he whirled his dreaded *ku-kat*, and straightway became a huge mountain-lion with fire shooting out of his eyes and mouth. The men all shrank back in fear, and the beast ran around and around the circle, snapping at them, snarling, and leaping into the air. Then he suddenly took his natural form once more.

"'Splendid!' the Crow chief applauded him. 'But can you do this?'

"He twisted his head, and it came off. He flung it across the cleared space, and it became a stick of wood. Then he held out his hand, and the stick flew into it, became a head again, and he put it back on his neck where it belonged.

"'A baby trick,' said the Chaup scornfully. 'Watch!'

"Then he twisted his head as the Crow had done and flung it upon the ground. It turned into a stick of wood.

"'Now!' shouted the Crow chief.

"They ran forward, picked up the stick of wood, and flung it into the middle of the great fire. It writhed and twisted, and two terrible eyes looked out of the blaze, almost turning the bones of the onlookers to

water. But the Crow chief knew what else must be done. Then they took the rest of the body and threw it into the fire, piling branches and sticks upon it until the blaze consumed it utterly.

"Then they all began to dance about the fire, the old men, the young men, the women, and the children. They danced until the great blaze burned down, and there was nothing but ashes to tell of the once mighty Chaup.

"Still the Crow chief was not satisfied. He made the Indians hunt in the ashes and find the bones of the terrible medicine-man. He put them into a jar made of clay and told them to bury it in the ground. But when the jar touched the earth, there came a terrific explosion, and the pieces of bone flew in all directions. Wherever they touched the ground, the earth turned to rock deeply pitted with holes. The Indians fell upon their faces, crying out with fear. For they thought that the Chaup had returned to wreak a terrible vengeance upon them. The Crow chief leaped into the air and became a bird. But as his tribe followed his example, they cried out with fright and astonishment. For his plumage, once so black, was now as white as the snow on the distant mountains."

"Did the Chaup ever come back?" I asked when old Manuel Duro had fallen into a long, abstracted silence.

Rosita translated the question, and again it passed

from Spanish into the guttural archaic tongue that is now all but forgotten.

"No, he never did," she answered us after a moment. "But the holes in the rocks at Elsinore are still there; anyone can see them."

For the first time during that long recital—the morning had been completely taken up with it—old Manuel Duro seemed to see us and acknowledge our presence. He smiled a wide, toothless smile, made motions as of throwing a rock, then touched his chest with his shrunken hands.

"My great-great-uncle says," translated Rosita, "that, when you go to that place at Elsinore, you should stand on the ground just outside the rocky circle and throw a stone at one of the holes. If you throw it in, you will live a long time. If you miss, you will live only as many years as the number of throws it takes you to put a stone in one of the holes. My great-great-uncle says he knows this is true, for he threw two stones long, long ago. Both of them went into the holes. That is why he has lived such a long time."

Old Manuel Duro was speaking again. Francisco and Rosita listened gravely.

"He says that when the Chaup was killed, the Crow chief told the Indians they had better burn their dead instead of putting them out on platforms of branches and sticks. He was afraid that some other wicked

medicine-man would get control of the spirits. So the Indians did as he told them, and burned their dead, and put the ashes into clay jars, until the Padres came. They taught us that consecrated ground is better, so now we bury our dead."

Old Manuel Duro mumbled something.

Francisco looked at him understandingly, Rosita with some severity.

"He says he wants to have *his* body burned," she translated.

The sun was high in the heavens when we thanked our host and hostess and came away. Lightning and Yaqui had slept profoundly, it seemed, for they blinked at us reproachfully when we mounted them and urged them into motion. From the road that wound up the hill, we looked back at the three we had left—old Manuel Duro, bent and aged, staring with his dim eyes across the sunlit valley; Francisco Nejo, kingly and quiet; and Rosita, she of the new world, the link between the things that are and the things that used to be.

And then, in the trees that bordered the roadside, we heard a great commotion, a very bedlam of hoarse bird cries. A flock of crows had settled in the branches to discuss with vigor some important subject.

"Look!" cried the Bird Man, and I followed his pointing finger.

There, in the topmost branches of the tree, sat a snow-white crow. He was evidently the leader of the flock, for he sat as a chieftain sits, not taking any part in the noisy controversy around him, but turning his head judicially from side to side, as if considering the matter from all its various aspects. Our stopping had disturbed them, and the whole flock rose into the air like an animated thunder-cloud and flew over the hills towards Powam Lodge, noisily cawing and screeching. In the lead of the winged caravan the white crow flew, steadily, purposefully. He turned his noisy followers presently, and they flapped away toward the distant hills.

"He's taking them over the Chaup Nuá!" the Bird Man said, watching.

"Just to be sure the Chaup hasn't come back to life," I added.

Yaqui and Lightning, who were more interested in lunch than legends, commenced to trot at an alarming rate. They knew we were headed for home.

"Kaw! Kaw!" faintly sounded the defiant, derisive call from across the hills and the mesa. The white crow had turned his flock back and was heading for the oak trees at Powam Lodge.

"The Chaup is still dead," remarked the Bird Man.

"Kaw! Kaw!" answered the crows from the tops of the trees.

The Trembling God

THIS is a story of the desert, of the great silent places hemmed in by far horizons. From Arizona this story came, a legend so old that the beginning of it is lost in the mistiness that hovers about the red man's origin. The truth of it—who can say? Only as belief is truth; and this I know, that the Indians of the desert, the Apaches, the Navajos, the Supais, and the Taos tribes, all have something of this legend in their tribal histories. Each one will give you a different version; there will be wide gaps in the tale, and vague inconsistencies. But all of them know—yet will rarely speak of—this legend of the desert, a legend of those mysterious peoples who built their pueblos high upon inaccessible cliffs, and brought ironwood to roof their dwellings, dragging the great beams a hundred miles, or floating them down rivers that have long since disappeared into the desert's hungry sands.

It is a story of the ancient cliff-dwellers that has come dimly, yet vividly, out of the encircling years. And I myself have seen the partial proof of the

legend's truth, a great, overturned granite slab that once reared itself on end, so finely balanced that, according to the Indians, it always vibrated a little, so delicately poised that it seemed as if the merest touch could hurl it down into the cañon below. The white men called it "the balanced rock", but to the red men, and the red men's children, it has always been and always will be known as "The Trembling God."

I came upon the existence of the legend in a rather peculiar manner. I learned just enough to whet my curiosity, to make me determined to know the substance of it and the reason for the reticence which swathed it like a concealing veil.

Back on the desert of Arizona are found the most accessible of all the ancient cliff-dwellers in America. A two hours' ride in a comfortable car, a half-hour's climb up a gently sloping trail, and you are there, standing on the ledges of those vanished, mysterious people who built their cave-like cities open always to the east, overlooking the vast quietness of the desert. There is a loneliness, a sense of long-dead thoughts and things, that weighs upon the mind with a vague uneasiness. It almost seems, when you enter those shadowy chambers, carved out of the rock, upheld by great thick beams, or "*vigas*," that have withstood the passing of centuries, that if you turn quickly about in the semi-darkness, you will glimpse the faint out-

lines of brown bodies fading into the gloom, and catch the flicker of watchful, somber eyes.

Silence—silence—broken only by the mighty buzzing of bees that have made an ancient earthen oven their home. It is as if you had entered another world, a world peopled below by desert winds and fragrances, shimmering desert colors, and gigantic sentinel cacti; a world peopled above by shadows, faint, damp odors of clay shielded from the dazzling sunlight, and dim, mysterious memories, lost in the passing of the years.

Standing there in the lofty habitation of a people long since passed to oblivion, I saw another group of cliff-dwellers high above us on a distant slope. I could just catch the perforated blackness of openings and doorways against the reddish background of the cliff. In the shimmering desert air it seemed but a group of swallows' nests clinging against the sheer wall of the cañon.

The guide smiled at my instant and earnest desire to climb up to the higher dwellings and explore the ruins there. It had been done, he said, yet rarely. It was a long, hard climb, with the menace of rattlers all about, and the chance of falling ledges. It was not a "tourist" trip, for tourists had only time to see the accessible cliff-dwellers, and to leave their personal or business cards stuck in silly, leprous patches on the walls of the dead pueblo.

But time was nothing to me. I insisted that I would risk the menace of the rattling snakes, the chance of falling ledges, the possibility of missing a train, or any number of trains, for the sake of standing on that higher, more lonely ledge, where the tourist with his calling cards had not intruded.

And so, because the guide was young and loved the desert, and all the glamor and mystery of the red man and his works, we essayed the long, arduous climb that led up through uncharted mazes of yucca and prickly cactus, along trails just barely visible, past rocky ledges where we went carefully, slowly, always with our long sticks tapping gently ahead of us to warn sleeping rattlers of our coming. The sun broiled down upon us with that insistent, windless heat of the desert, and we stopped many times, panting and red-faced, to marvel at the deceptiveness of desert distances. We crawled cautiously along narrow ridges where a misstep or a sliding stone would have meant disaster. And at last we came to the long red ledges, where, scooped back into the gaunt cliff, a forgotten people had made their homes. There was slight dissimilarity between these higher dwellings and the ones which lay far below us, dwarfed, as these had been, into the likeness of swallows' nests. But there was a greater stillness, a more magnificent isolation, and a sense of slumbering aloofness, unmarred by modern footsteps.

We moved very quietly and spoke almost in whispers. Somehow a loud tone or an irreverent word would have shattered the spell of the place like a stone crashing against precious, fragile glass. Softly I moved down along the red tufa ledges, thinking of the people who had stood there, as I was standing, centuries upon centuries ago. And suddenly my eye was caught by a huge, recumbent boulder, three times the height of a man, which tapered down to a slanting point.

It lay upon the edge of the cliff, so peculiarly, so totally different from the rocky structure about us, that I called the guide's attention to it.

"Yes," he said in response to my question, "it is a freak of nature, a balanced rock. It fell in an earthquake almost a hundred years ago. The Tonto Apaches down at Roosevelt Dam have some superstition about it. I believe it was some god of theirs. I have heard rumors that they still worship it; that on certain nights of the year, when the moon is full, their medicine-men come up here and perform a ceremony. The Indians won't talk about it—but then, the Apaches are always close-mouthed about their customs and traditions. There might be a story in it, but I don't know—"

I heard his voice drop away curiously. And when I looked up from my intent examination of the tapered

boulder, it was to encounter the stony, sullen eyes of a tall Indian, evidently an Apache, who was standing on the ledge, almost hidden by the huge rock.

His face was the color of bronze, and his straight, black hair was cut at the ears in the Apache fashion and bound with a bright red band. He wore a faded shirt and ragged trousers. Yet there was a compelling dignity about him that abashed us both. I felt uncomfortably as if I had intruded upon the privacy of a dwelling-place.

He said something in a deep, guttural voice and pointed imperiously down the trail. I turned to the guide, but he shook his head helplessly.

"I don't know their lingo," he said ruefully, "but I think we are invited to travel."

I searched my mind for something that would convey to the sentinel Indian—if such he was—that we were friendly and had no thought of unwarranted intrusion. But those stony, compelling eyes silenced me. It was as if he saw in us the symbol of the white man's aggression. Again he pointed down the all but invisible trail. And we turned sheepishly, like children caught in mischief, and made our slow descent.

The guide's eyes had a queer, incredulous look in them. "Well," he said, when we had made the hot and aching journey back past the lower cliff-dwelling and down to the waiting machine, "they can talk all

they want to about the Indian becoming civilized. They think just because these Apaches out at the Dam wear American clothes and send their children to school that they have forgotten the things that once meant so much to them. I tell you it isn't true; I tell you that that Indian up there is guarding something sacred. I shouldn't wonder if it was that fallen rock. Perhaps he was afraid that we would touch it."

"Or find something under it," I supplemented.

"Yes," the guide said slowly, "there's some legend there if you could get it. I know only what I have told you. I wish I knew more about it."

I spent the next three days trying to ingratiate myself into the sullen graces of the Apaches at the Dam. They would tell me nothing, not even by dint of bribes of candy and pennies for the children. Only one old man, whose heart I won in a measure by a gift of a gaudy pipe, grunted out that there was a legend about a great rock that had fallen. He would not say where it was, or admit that the boulder upon the distant ledges of the cliff-dwellings had anything to do with the story. But he did tell me the name of a great king who had been turned into a rock for his defiance of the gods. The king's name, he said, was Tanama, and he guarded something—the old man would not say what it was. He told me two Apache

words by which the Indians called the balanced rock. And when I had them interpreted, I found that their meaning was, "The Trembling God."

That was the clue which I followed at intervals for three years. I never failed to put a query to any red man or white man who might know something of the mysterious fallen god, and the unknown thing he guarded. And because persistence, like virtue, usually is rewarded, little by little I gleaned bits of the legend that had first intrigued my interest. I gathered the threads from many sources and wove them into a tapestry of my own language. A Hopi dancing-girl at the Grand Cañon told me some of the story; a blind old water-carrier of the Supai village contributed an all but forgotten tale that his father had told to him in childhood. And from Taos I received a picturesque account of Tanama (known to them under a different name), and his kingship among the ancient dwellers of the desert. As my knowledge gradually increased, I was able to use it as a wedge to open reluctant lips and obtain more of the carefully guarded legend. It is not disbelief that the red man resents; it is ridicule and misstatement. And because I did not laugh, gradually they gave me the story I desired. It is here set down with the white man's words, but with the red man's thoughts close behind it:

Long, long ago, at the beginning of the world, the

red men had no fire and knew nothing of the arts of pottery, of weaving, or of hunting. They lived like animals in caves, and huddled together for warmth at night.

Then from the east came Tanama, whose mother was a mortal, but whose father was a great god. Now, Tanama had been sent to earth to see that proper sacrifices should be made to the good and evil spirits. But when he saw the wretched plight of the desert people, how they were without fire or clothing, or skill of any kind, he forgot his mission and set himself to the task of bringing them out of the darkness. He put up his hand and snatched a burning cloud of the sky at sunset, and gave the Indians fire; he changed the river spirits into beavers that the animals might instruct their human brothers in the art of building dams, and of sending the water where they wished it to go. He showed them how to build desert pueblos out of clay, to carve out houses in the cliffs; he taught them the use of weapons and of instruments to till the soil. For many hundreds of years he labored among them, going from tribe to tribe, from pueblo to pueblo, giving wise counsel in the kiva chambers, and settling disputes. He taught them the corn dance, how to walk upon fire, and how to make rain by secret ceremonies. He taught them the skill of handling rattlesnakes, and dancing with them so that the earth spirits should

bring an abundant harvest. And everywhere he went, he said to the red men:

"Keep your tribal honor clean; do not mingle with other people; let your sons marry in their own pueblos. If you do this, you will always be a strong people. If you welcome strangers among you, it will bring ruin upon you."

But there came a time when the high gods asked among themselves, "Where is Tanama? Where are the sacrifices and the ceremonies that are our due?"

They looked down from the great painted halls in which they lived, and saw the man, who was half god and half mortal, hard at work teaching the red men useful things. Then the Thunder god was angry. For Tanama had not taught the Indians to do him honor. He darkened the air with the blackness of his rage, and the whole earth shook when he stamped his mighty foot.

"Tanama! Tanama!" he cried out in a great and terrible voice. "Come up closer to the sky, for I wish to speak to you!"

Tanama heard the awful voice of the Thunder god, and he trembled with fear. Yet because he, too, was a god, he raised his face defiantly and called out to the lowering skies with their heavy, swirling clouds:

"Who speaks my name? Tanama is here. I will come as you have commanded."

Then the day became dark, and the earth shook until it seemed that the world would come to an end. The red men threw themselves upon the ground and whimpered with abject terror. When the light came back, and the roarings and the earth shakings had passed away, they looked in vain for Tanama. Alas, he had disappeared. But there, upon the cañon's dizzy brink, poised upon the ledge as if wishing to escape, yet held steadfast by a godly fearlessness, was a huge rock, tapered to a point so fine and so delicate that it stood upright, firm, but vibrating slightly. The merest touch, it seemed, would have sufficed to hurl it down into the cañon far below. But no one touched it. The red men fell upon their faces and worshiped it. For they knew that it was Tanama, the god-smitten, who had paid for his defiance.

In a dream that night Tanama appeared to the *sacique*, the priest of the cliff pueblo. He told him that he was not really dead, for a god cannot die. He was but changed into a rocky form, and he was present, as he had been in the past, to protect the red men and to give them strength and wisdom.

"Remember the things which I have taught you," he said solemnly. "Do not mingle with strange tribes. If any one of your people dishonors you, let his life pay for the sin. As long as I shall stand erect, so long shall your strength and glory endure. But if I fall,

then let your children weep. For the red man shall perish with my going."

Now the years went slowly by, how many years no man can say. But the dwellers upon the cliffs still gave heed to the words of Tanama. They kept their tribal honor clean and mingled with no other peoples.

Then up from the southern lands of hot sunshine came a strange race, seeking a new land in which to establish themselves afresh. They said they were Toltecas, and that a fierce and bloodthirsty people called Aztecas had swept their country like a consuming plague, had killed their men, enslaved their women, and had established in the once peaceful land the bloody worship of ever-hungry gods. Some of the Toltecas had been supinely willing to remain in their own land under the rule of the conquerors. But a group of nobles had sought refuge in flight. For a cycle of seven years had the royal wanderers traveled, ever northward, and ever eastward, until they were sick of roaming, and faint for the privilege of a land that they might call their own.

And so they wound up through desert and mesa in a long, slow procession, carrying chests containing household goods, and gods with jeweled eyes, and caskets of soft gold traced with mysterious, lovely symbols. They had endured cold and heat, unwonted toil and the attacks of many roaming savages. Only

a remnant of the once mighty train reached at length the painted desert where the giant cacti grew, and where the cliff-dwellings reared up from the cañons, ledge upon ledge, inaccessible to enemies, dominant of all the country about, and with the green of corn fields spreading out below them like a carpet.

The Toltec noble who commanded the weary pilgrimage sought speech with the *cacique* and the war chief of the cliff pueblos. And in signs they conversed, while the red men of the desert looked down from the safety of the rocky ledges, and the women clustered curiously, looking down at the feathered cloaks of the newcomers and exclaiming at the handsome, bronzed features of the men.

The Toltec chieftain, Coatzil, made known his desire that his people should join forces with the people of the cliff pueblos, should live with them in peace and amicability, and that the two tribes should combine their might against the roving desert savages. They would give as a gift for a peaceable reception a treasure of immeasurable richness, he said.

Many were the councils held in the dark kiva chambers, where the fire burned redly in the pit, the sacred *sipapu*, and the honey ollas stood in sacramental order before the altar of the gods. Many were the prayers which the *cacique* made to the good and evil spirits, saying, "If this thing is wrong, give me a sign of it.

If you do not wish us to welcome these strangers, speak through my mouth and make me wise."

The gods were silent; they did not speak. So finally the priest said to the ring of attentive, reverent men about him:

"No sign has been given to me that these southern men are unwelcome in the sight of the high gods. Therefore, let us welcome them and accept their treasure, which shall belong not to any man, but to the community. Let us give these strangers a friendly welcome and receive them into our midst."

Thus was the decision made. But that night, Nanoomi, the war chief, had a dream. He dreamed that he stood before the rock of the Trembling God, and that out of the endlessly vibrating boulder a voice spoke to him, saying:

"Send them away, with their womanish feather cloaks and their gods with jeweled eyes. Nothing but evil will come of this tribal union. Behold, the nation of the Toltecas was rotten like a melon that has lain too long in the sunshine. The foot of the invader crushed it because it was soft and offered no resistance. Bring not the rottenness of a conquered people into the high places of the desert men. Send them away, lest your tribe become polluted, lest they forget the things which I, Tanama, gave my life to teach. Send them away, lest your people perish!"

Nan-oomi, the war chief, awoke and lay distraught and uncertain upon his bed of skins. His wife, Ttle-etza awoke, too, and said:

"Why do you not sleep? Has a bad spirit breathed upon your face?"

He told her the dream that had come to him. And presently he arose and climbed up out of his chamber to the high ledge where the great boulder vibrated always as with a never-ending fear. He went forth out into the moonlight, where the wan whiteness of the silver moon swathed the cliffs and desert. But as he thought to prostrate himself before the god of living stone and make a vow to turn back the strangers of the south, he heard a light footstep behind him, and saw his wife, young and comely, clad in white, and with her arms and shoulders bare.

"You are foolish to let this dream distress you," she said wooingly, "when all the omens of the kiva have pointed to the tribal union. When the *cacique* has received no message from the gods against it, why should you, the war chief, oppose it? Let the priests, the *caciques*, deal with the gods. That is no concern of yours. The southern men are strong and vigorous. They have wealth such as we know nothing of. They will share this great wealth with us, so that we may never know a lack of presents for visiting chieftains, or of bribes to keep off the roving desert people."

"Our cliffs are better protection than bribes," answered Nan-oomi moodily, but Ttle-etza, his wife, laughed softly.

"True, the desert men cannot climb up to our pueblos, but they can destroy our fields so that we hunger for food; they can poison our springs and turn our watercourses aside so that we die of thirst. They can set fire to the sage-brush and the piñons so that we have no fuel. The wealth that the strangers bring will keep them away from us."

"Nay, but the command of the great Tanama—" began Nan-oomi.

And Ttle-etza laughed again. "The great Tanama is turned to stone," she said. "He trembles still because of the wrath of the Thunder god. From such a fearful, trembling god how can we expect any words but words of fear? Nay, my husband, listen rather to the omens of the desert spirits, the call of the coyote, the hoot of the owl, the hissing of the snakes. Listen rather to the words of the *cacique*, who is the god's mouthpiece."

Now, Ttle-etza was only a woman. And in the council of the kiva a woman's voice is not heard. But Nan-oomi loved his wife, who was fairer than all the maidens of the cliff pueblos. She was tall and beautiful of form, and her hair was like the polished black of the obsidian stone. Nan-oomi was a great warrior and

a skilful hunter. But his mind was no match for the hidden thoughts of the woman who was his wife. He did not speak of his dream to the *cacique* or the other chieftains, and it was decided that the southern men should be made welcome.

Why had Ttle-etza spoken thus to her husband? Why had she besought him to keep silent regarding the counsel of the Trembling God? Was it because the bronzed Coatzil, with his strange cloak of feathers and his copper-tinted arms ringed with bracelets, found favor in her eyes? Or was it because the lust of the treasure smote her heart, and she longed to have near at hand those golden caskets with their shimmering jewels, their bowls carved out of emeralds, their curiously wrought ornaments of iridescent opals and feathers of unknown birds? Who can say? The dust of many, many centuries has blotted out the mirage of her treacherous passion dream.

The strange people from the south were made welcome in the cliff pueblos. They were given all honor, except that they were not initiated in the mysteries of the kiva council. The treasure which they had brought with them, the caskets of wondrously carved gold, was deposited in a cavern dug out of the cliff, a cavern which had its only entrance behind the towering bulk of the Trembling God.

It was deemed a safe and sacred place. For, said

the *cacique*, it was well understood by his people that the treasure was not for personal adornment, but for any communal necessity that might arise. And no one would dare to move away the flat, disk-shaped stone that blocked the entrance, since it was guarded endlessly, vigilantly, by Tanama, the Trembling God.

For many years did the southern men dwell in the cave pueblos of the desert cliffs. They learned the language and the customs of the cliff people, who in turn accepted many of the ways of the Toltecas and gave honor to their gods.

Little by little, through guile and cunning, Ttle-etza won the love of Coatzil, the Toltec chief, lured him with veiled smiles and soft meaningful words, until he thought of her by night and by day, until his heart was soft as a jar of unbaked clay which her slender hands could mold according to her will.

Very skilful and adroit was Ttle-etza, wife of the war chief. Never openly did she meet Coatzil, but would wait until Nan-oomi had descended into the kiva chamber at night, there to go through ceremonies both sacred and secret, to smoke, and to talk at length with the other men. Then would she climb up to the upper ledges, high above the house, the granaries, the fire pits, and the burial chambers, and signal Coatzil to come up beside her. She would sit entranced, listening

to the stories he told her of the country from whence he came: of the great temples shaped like pyramids; of gods with the faces of birds and serpents; of lofty palaces with floors of beaten gold and roofed with nets of silver. He told her of lovely flowers, and birds with brilliant plumage; of how the women adorned themselves with chains of raw gold and oiled their bodies with perfumed ointments. He was glad to tell her of the distant land of the Sun god, for his heart was often sick with longing for the lovely country he had left.

And so it was that upon a night of moonlight and madness they planned a treacherous, guilty thing—the theft of the treasure in the cavern, and a flight across the desert, down a river that led southward, and thence to the land of his people and their conquerors.

Skilful and deep were the plans they laid. And soon there came the time of hunting, when Nan-oomi, the war chief, led the young men of the pueblos out into the desert to hunt the deer, snare the rabbits, and trap the cunning coyotes.

Coatzil feigned a sudden illness and stayed behind. No one suspected what lay in the hearts of the two, for Ttle-etza spoke caressing words to her husband, saw that his deerskin boots were strongly sewed, and that his leather pouch was well filled with cakes of cornbread. He departed a little unwillingly. For Nan-

oomi loved his wife. And he looked back to see her standing on the flat roof of the cliff house, smiling at him with half-closed eyes, and drawing her white cotton mantle about her shoulders.

That night there was no moon. The clouds hung dull and ominous over the cliffs and the desert; the long eery wail of the coyote came faintly up out of the lowering blackness. Stealthily Ttle-etza climbed out of her house, mounted the ladders to the higher ledges, and climbed the face of the cliff where handholds and footholds had been scooped from the soft red tufa. She stood at last on the edge where the great boulder trembled ceaselessly, noiselessly. And suddenly her guilty heart was filled with terror, and it seemed to her that from the silent, shaking stone two somber eyes watched her relentlessly. She was grateful for the swift and silent coming of her lover, Coatzil. But she had not the courage to put her hand against the thin disk of stone that closed the entrance of the cavern wherein lay the treasure that she coveted.

"Do you roll the stone away," she whispered to the man, "for the treasure belongs to you. Surely it will not be sacrilege for you to take it. The Trembling God is not your god, therefore you will not fear him."

Coatzil, too, was afraid. Yet he disdained to show his fear. Silently, strongly, he pushed aside the disk of stone. Ttle-etza drew her mantle about her and

shivered. Fearfully she looked at the great boulder trembling upon its tapering base.

"Come," whispered Coatzil, "we will take what we can in the darkness."

Now the people of the cliff pueblo were awakened that night by a roaring, and a grinding, and a wrenching of the earth. They swarmed up out of their houses like ants aroused and terrified. The earth shook again and again, stones hurtled down the sheer face of the cañon, the dust of falling houses rose up thickly and chokingly. There came a crash greater than all, then a silence, a vast, terrible silence like the stillness in the heart after a word of doom is spoken.

From the upper ledge there came a long, high wail of anguish, and then the frenzied, heavy beating of a ceremonial drum. The *cacique's* voice sounded out in the desolate stillness, eery and despairing, fraught with woful tidings.

"Pray to the gods, ye men of the desert, humble yourselves in the dust. Doom is upon us, we perish! Tanama has been angered. A great wrong has been done, and we are punished. Weep, ye dwellers of the high places. For Tanama has deserted us! The Trembling God has fallen!"

With torches they came, and firebrands snatched out of the open fire pits. There in the darkness they knelt,

and wept, and trembled. For the great stone indeed had fallen, crushing in against the cliff, lying prostrate like a sorely wounded giant.

"What wrong was done?" the people whispered to each other, staring with pallid faces at the god who had deserted them. "Why was Tanama angered?"

No one could answer the question, not even the *cacique*, who implored the fallen god to make answer, to speak of the evil that had offended him so that it might be righted. No answer came. The people crept back to their half-ruined houses. And it was only with the coming of another day that the absence of Ttle-etza and Coatzil was discovered.

Then the people of the cliff pueblos knew what wrong had been done, what treachery had caused the great Tanama to desert the red men whom he had tutored. A great cry of indignation went up, and searching parties went swiftly forth into the desert to find the guilty pair, and to take the news to Nan-oomi so that he should avenge the wrong done to his house and to the cliff pueblo.

Nan-oomi came raging back. He drove out the southern men, hunted them and killed them. Not one escaped his vengeance. He heaped terrible curses upon the woman who had betrayed him. Yet at night he lay with his face in the dust, and his heart was sore and empty. For he had loved her dearly.

Many weeks passed, yet there came no word or sign of the fugitives. The word went from cliff to cliff, from pueblo to pueblo, and even the roving desert tribes forgot their hereditary malice to join in the far-reaching search. In the sacred kiva chamber the fire in the *sipapu* burned redly, the little honey ollas stood in sacramental order before the altars of the gods. With prayerful dances the initiated priests and warriors made petition that knowledge might be given to their hearts, that Tanama might be avenged, and that the Trembling God should rise and guard their destinies once more.

The cycle of a year went by. And Nan-oomi dreamed one night that he stood upon the upper ledge, and that Tanama communed with him. So vivid and compelling was the dream that he arose from sleep and climbed out of his chamber. The moon shone brightly and cast the shadows of the clustered houses in weird patterns of darkness upon the gaunt face of the cliff. Quickly he climbed to the upper ledge, and his heart was pounding within him. For there was a shadow that fell against the cliff—a moving, trembling shadow—

He gave a great cry and lifted up his hands in wondering thanksgiving. For the Trembling God stood erect once more, vibrating tremulously, livingly, upon its tapered base!

The people came clambering up from their houses, their voices joined in the mighty shout of amazement.

But look! What was that yawning darkness in the face of the cliff, that the great boulder in its falling had blocked in with its massive weight? The treasure cavern—but with the stone rolled back from the entrance. No quaking of the earth had done it, nor the Trembling God in his fall. Some human hand had pushed it aside—a sacrilegious hand that could have desired but one thing: the theft of the communal treasure.

With torches they entered the carved-out chamber, Nan-oomi and the chief *cacique*. Then they knew why the Trembling God had fallen. They knew why he had risen again, being fully and mightily avenged. For there, among the scattered emeralds, the overturned caskets, and the dusty feather ornaments, they found, lying face downward in the shimmering, mocking jewels, *the skeletons of a man and a woman*.

Nan-oomi turned away, 'sick' at heart. But the *cacique* and the people rejoiced. The priests decreed that the stone should be put back at the cavern's entrance, sealed in cunningly so that no one should again be tempted to commit a sacrilegious theft. And so the thing was done; and for many, many years, even to the count of many centuries, the Trembling God stood in lonely grandeur upon the ledge.

Long after the mysterious cliff-dwellers had passed away, leaving only a vague remnant of their records to tempt the white man to theories and investigation, still the desert Indians worshiped the Trembling God. To the few white men who saw it, it was but a curious phenomenon of nature; but to the red men of the plains—a living, portentous spirit.

Almost a hundred years ago it fell again, when the white men were pushing relentlessly westward, claiming by right of conquest the mountains, the rivers, the deserts.

Yes, the Trembling God fell again, as if in surrender to the inevitable doom of the race he had brought out of darkness. Some day, say the red men, Tanama will rise again. Some day the tribes will regain their former glory, the honor and the heritage that once belonged to them. Then will the Trembling God stand erect once more; Tanama, the god-smitten, will rule over them and their destinies. Perhaps it will be many years; perhaps hundreds of years; or a thousand. What matter? Eternity is long. The red men have learned patience. They will wait Tanama's pleasure.

The Land of the Red Gods

DOWN the narrow, crooked, unbelievably steep trail that clings against the cañon's wall, we descended slowly into the country of Havasúpai, the "land of the sky-blue water." So has it been called in song and story; so does the name Havasúpai translate itself. Yet that day, beneath the broiling yellow sun, beneath the opaque turquoise blue of a cloudless sky, hemmed in with giant cliffs all bloody red and tawny yellow, with grotesque rocky figures staring at us as we passed down the dusty, choking cañon trail, it seemed no gentle land of sky-blue waters. Rather it seemed to us a silent, almost sinister land of dead gods, or of gods who only slumbered; red gods who were changed into stone, but who still guarded the silence and the desolation and the mystery.

Huge balanced rocks towered above us, leaning out as though to see who passed below. Fantastic temple shapes reared up against the intense blueness of the sky; sprawling monsters carved of stone looked down on us with blank, unopened eyes. Towers and para-

pets, castles and pyramids, savagely, gorgeously painted with red and ochre and livid greenish gray. And in all that lonely land, with its blazing sunshine and hot, untrammelled sky, there was no sound, no movement of life but ours. Not the song of a bird, not even the scurrying of a lizard. Was it a dead world, a forgotten world, or only a world that held its breath while we passed, lest we, the white invaders, should suspect the mighty power of the red gods who rule its desolate grandeur?

Much of fiction, and little of fact, has come from the land of Havasúpai. Its remoteness and the hardships entailed in reaching it have saved it from a tourist influx. Only a few have had the courage to make the long and tiresome journey, first over the thirty-five mile stretch that calls itself, by courtesy, a road, then down the steepness of the Grand Cañon's western wall, then through the eleven miles, or more, of sand and dried-up river-bed which make one ponder thirstily on the evidences of the cool water that the scant rain brings down for a space from the mountains. The scattering shade of optimistic cottonwood trees sometimes casts a grateful spot of darkness into the suffocating heat, or a towering boulder will for a moment blot out the fierce steadiness of the summer sun. One plods wearily—or rides wearily—through the hot, clinging sand, and over smooth, sun-heated

boulders, wondering if there are coolness and greenness anywhere in the world. For it seems as if there were no other world but this; a dead, painted world of colossal loneliness, peopled by shimmering, ever-changing colors, and ruled by gods of stone.

There are hours of this thirsty, aching journey along the dried-up river-bed. Then one comes abruptly into a huge amphitheater of stone which seems to end the trail and block further passage. Almost perfectly circular in shape, the towering red walls rise up against the unflecked blueness of the sky, dwarfing into pigmies the tall boulders and scraggly trees that cluster around its base. Surely the red gods have held their revels here, have seen grotesque, fantastic ceremonies offered up to them, have leaned down from their rocky thrones to watch some gigantic struggle in the sand of the arena.

And then, at the far end of the rocky amphitheater, an abrupt turning of the trail; there, just ahead, a valley oasis of green trees, fluttering birds, cool ripples—Havasúpai! The land of the sky-blue waters!

It is enough to take one's breath away, this sudden coming from desert barrenness into a paradise of sunshine and shadow, cool shadows and bending trees, bubbling springs and a river, clear as a ribbon of crystal, which murmurs happily to itself as it starts on its journey down the valley to the falls of Havasú.

The heat, the weariness, the parched throats are forgotten. It is heavenly to throw oneself upon the river-bank, to drink the clear coolness of the water, and to see the yellow flicker of goldfinch wings among the branches of the trees. It is still a narrow valley, still enclosed by those high, grim walls of stone. But somehow the light falls more softly on the painted, high-flung cliffs. The sinking of the sun throws a mellow haze of gold across the hidden valley; the somber rocky guardians on their pinnacles of stone are touched with gold and crimson, and then with lingering purple. There is a sweetness, a benediction, in the air. It seems that the red gods are smiling.

It was here in this enchanted place that we spread our blankets and built our camp-fire. Soon there was the smell of sizzling bacon and the rich fragrance of coffee simmering on a hot stone. The ruddy light of the setting sun trailed upward along the gaunt cliffs, touching the higher peaks with crimson, leaving the river and the trees wrapped in graying shadows.

Now the cicadas commenced their rasping song of night; the frogs croaked throatily from their hiding-places in the reeds. The blue of the river dimmed and waned; it was received into the fellowship of the shadows. It became only a murmurous voice in the darkness. And overhead, one by one, the stars commenced to glow like little lamps.

Suddenly out of the darkness came thudding hoof-beats on the sandy trail. News of our coming had been spread—how? We had seen no human face. Yet they seemed to spring up all about us, dark forms and faces, the men of Havasúpai, erect and shadowy on their horses, welcoming us with laconic hospitality to the valley which is theirs.

There was Manakajá, the old chieftain, who, for all the tattered American clothes he wears, has that dignity of kingship which is part of the red man's heritage. There were his sons and his grandsons; there were the old men and the young men of the dwindling Supai tribe. They dismounted from their horses and sat about the fire, and we regaled them with what hospitality tin cans and biscuit boxes may offer.

Far into the night they sat and talked with us, the conversation being much drawn out because of constant translations. Few of the Havasúpai speak the English language. It is only the younger men, who, by intermittent contact with the white men at *Wachaw-wa-saw* (the Grand Cañon of Arizona), and through indifferent schooling, have managed to collect enough vocabulary to express their meaning simply.

Their stolid faces revealed little. And yet we knew that we were a source of wonder to them. For their little valley is like a hidden world. Few people enter it; few of the red men leave it. They do not visit with

their desert neighbors as the Pueblo Indians do; their knowledge of their own race is limited indeed; their whole scheme of life is encompassed by those towering walls of stone. Their legends and traditions have to do with the punishment that comes from forsaking the green valley, the land of Havasúpai. They are renowned as basket-makers and are noted for the fineness of their buckskin. But their own appeal to fame is that never in all the history of their people have they killed or hurt a white man. They have been the white man's friend.

They sat and talked to us that night of the fear that is in their hearts because of the proposed coming of a road which shall invade their peaceful valley. It can mean only one thing, that expensive auto road—that a hotel will be built where the Indian village now stands. And that the Havasúpais, whose whole racial history is centered in this paradise, will be moved to another reservation, the barren desert allotment of the distant Hualapai tribe.

We gave them what counsel and advice we could. But the one who spoke to them with knowledge concerning the white man and his ways was Morning Star, our Pueblo friend.

Morning Star? That is his name among his own people. The Indian of it is *Kae-étila*, and the English baptismal name is too prosaic to matter. His grand-

father was a Hopi from Oraibi, the place they call "the second mesa." Morning Star himself is a powerful factor in the pueblo of Santo Domingo. He wears his hair bound up behind as the Pueblo Indians have always worn it. There are turquoise rings in his ears and a belt of cunningly wrought silver about his waist. His buckskin moccasins are buttoned with silver, and he wears a flame-colored silk band about his inky hair.

It was he who could talk to the Havasúpai people with wisdom and comprehension of their problem. For the Pueblo Indians, too, have known the intolerance of the white man's "charitable" religion. They have known his greed for lands, his methods that are carefully calculated to destroy the traditions of the red men. And Morning Star talked seriously, earnestly, standing in the firelight, while Manakajá, the old chief-tain, and the young men of his tribe sat grouped like motionless shadows, listening with that intentness which is part of the Indian's nature.

"You must have your children learn the English language," he told them. "You must find out the boundaries of your reservation so that you cannot be moved away. You must be careful of taking small amounts of money for your land, or of signing papers that you do not completely understand."

Old Manakajá nodded when the interpreter explained the words of Morning Star.

"Yes, that is true," he said at last; "we are very ignorant here. But this I know, that my father and his father before him, and many, many fathers before him, were given this valley by the gods to live in peacefully forever. I had hoped to live my whole life here, and to have my children and their children live their lives in Havasúpai. It is not good for them to go away; a curse has always followed it. The god who stands on guard above the village, Wi-gle-íva, the god of the crops, he himself felt the anger of the gods when he tried to leave the valley."

Then, through the medium of a young man of the tribe, he told the legend of the curse of Wi-gle-íva.

Many, many years ago, when the world was very young, the God-of-all-things looked down and saw the land unpeopled. So he sent two mighty brother gods, Ó-ki-mat and Hú-chi-pah, down to earth to establish tribes of human beings. Ó-ki-mat and Hú-chi-pah could model skilfully with clay. So they molded images of men in the form of the gods themselves. Some of the clay they found was red, and from that there came the Indians. Some of it was pallid gray, and from it they made the white men. From east to west the brothers came, establishing tribes of Indians. They made the Blackfeet and the Osage, the Apaches and the Navajos, the Hopis and the Hualapais, and then they made the Supais.

They found the lovely valley shut off from the barren desert; they saw its sparkling water and the shimmering of the falls. They called the place "*Ha*" (water), "*va*" (blue), and they said:

"We will create a tribe of men who shall live in this green place, '*su*,' and they, the Indians, '*pai*,' shall inhabit it forever."

So thus the Havasúpais were created. And the gods made for them a leader. A chieftain whose name was Wi-gle-íva, and who was to rule among them. Only one command did the great gods Ó-ki-mat and Hú-chi-pah give to Wi-gle-íva. That he should never leave the land of Havasúpai, that he should remain there forever with the red men who were his charges. Before the brother gods went on their way into the sunset lands, they gave to Wi-gle-íva two wonderful ears of corn. One was red, and one was blue. And the brother gods said to the chieftain:

"This will be the best food that you and your people can eat."

Then they went their man-creating way, still west toward the land of sunset. And in the rocks to this day you may see the mighty footprint that one of the brother gods made in the cliff as he strode in the haste of his mission.

So Wi-gle-íva was left in charge of the Havasúpais. And for many years he ruled them so that they pros-

pered greatly. The people planted the ears of corn, and the crops were bountiful indeed. To this day the Indians raise blue corn and red, as they did in the beginning.

Now Wi-gle-íva wished to take a wife, and there were two maidens who loved him well. The one he chose (as men have done since) was the prettier of the two. And she, perhaps because of the knowledge of her beauty, wished to leave the sheltered valley where she felt her charms were wasted.

Very skilfully did she play upon Wi-gle-íva's feelings, until he, too, wished to see what was in the outside world. So they planned to steal away at night when all the tribe should be sleeping. He took with him two ears of corn; she carried a basket of reeds. At the last moment he weakened with fear and said to his wife:

"Let us go, but let us go in different directions, so that none shall suspect our journey."

So he climbed the steep cliff that rises behind the village, and his wife crossed over to the western wall and climbed up to the top. Wi-gle-íva paused with his ears of corn to look down once more on the village. And in that instant the lightning flashed out, and the voice of Hú-chi-pah was heard in the thunder.

"Where are you going, O chief of the Supais? Why are you stealing away?"

Wi-gle-íva stood still, struck speechless with terror. But his wife heard the voice and started to run.

Two terrible flashes of lightning were seen. The whole world trembled, and the rocks ground together. And when the sky was calm once again, two huge rocks were seen on the edge of the cliffs. One is Wi-gle-íva with his two ears of corn. And across the narrow valley, slender and tall, looking back over her shoulder, his wife stands, caught in her disobedience.

Now, all the tribe sorrowed at the loss of their chieftain, but none so long and so bitterly as the maiden who had loved Wi-gle-íva, and whose faithful love had been thwarted. By day and by night she mourned him, calling his name again and again. And at last the brother gods, hearing her pitiful voice, took pity on her faithfulness. They changed her into a little brown bird. Always she makes her nest in the cliffs, and every evening at sunset you can hear her voice, very plaintive and lonely, calling "Wi-gle-íva! Wi-gle-íva!" Her love has endured through the ages.

It was late into the night before our guests had departed. They went as mysteriously and as unceremoniously as they had arrived, vaulting upon their horses' backs and disappearing into the shadows without a word of farewell. Again we were alone with the murmuring river voice, the croaking of the frogs, the high, crowding pageant of the stars.

Never have I seen so many stars. The cañon walls made but a narrow lane of sky, yet all the stars of the firmament seemed to crowd into it, peering down at us like bright, curious children. Old friends of mine looked down upon me, and I gave them greeting as I once had given them greeting from my outdoor cot on the shores of Puget Sound. There was Altair, the starry eagle, spreading his twinkling wings across the dusty lane of the Milky Way. There was Vega, the regal, the magnificent, trailing up the sky with her four attendants behind her. There was the glitter of the Northern Cross, with Aldebaran as its brightest jewel. And over in the east behind the blackness of the cliffs, there was a red circle of light creeping up into the wan pallor of the Milky Way, a flush upon the cheek of night to show where the moon would rise.

Tired as we were, we could not sleep. There was too much beauty, too much mystery about us. It was Morning Star, our Pueblo friend, who spoke from his blanket spread out near the embers of the fire.

"I will tell you a story of the Pueblo people, a story which comes from Oraibi. My grandfather is a Hopi and lived upon the second mesa. This story he told me, and it is an ancient one. It is the story of the stars you see up there. After I tell it, we will all go to sleep."

Then he commenced to tell us the legend, beginning

in the traditional manner of the story-tellers of the tribe of Hopi:

"*Halikai!* (Listen!) At Oraibi the people were living. And fairest among the maidens was Kwotca Awats Mana, who was called the White Corn Maiden, because of the color of the corn she always ground. Now, she would have none of the Hopi youths for a husband, although many of them brought her presents and would sit outside her doorway. She would smile upon them very sweetly, but send back their gifts of turquoise. All the youths despaired of winning her for a wife.

"Now, one of the young men who courted her was of the society of sorcerers. Very powerful are these workers of magic, for they can change themselves into various shapes. And when the White Corn Maiden looked coldly on the youth, all the sorcerers were angry and swore to be revenged.

"So in the time of winter, when the snow Katchinas danced, the sorcerers caught the maiden's breath that was frozen on the air. They kept it safely and carefully—of course, without her knowledge. And they planned a cruel, treacherous thing that should revenge them all for the coldness she had shown them.

"There is a game which the Hopi youths play, in which they shoot arrows at a feathered wheel which is turning very quickly. The sorcerers set up this

wheel outside the maiden's dwelling, and all the young men of the society shot at it with their arrows. The White Corn Maiden, suspecting no evil, went in and out of her doorway; and suddenly an arrow that seemed to be aimed at the wheel went into her foot, and she cried out in pain. In a few moments she died—or seemed to die—of poison that was on the point of the arrow.

“Now, there was mourning and deepest grief in the pueblo of Oraibi. Deepest of all was the grief of her brother, the brother of Kwotca Awats. He was not contented to stay in his house after his sister was buried, but stole out at night to mourn at her grave that was dug far out on the mesa.

“*Halikai!* Listen! As he softly walked through the darkness, he saw coyotes sniffing about the grave, and he ran forward to chase them away. But as he ran, all unseen, toward the beasts, they changed into the shapes of men. He knew them for the sorcerers, who were digging up his sister's body.

“Hidden behind the trees, he watched them, while they carried the body away. He followed them to their kiva, and saw them descend the ladder.

“What was he to do? He was but a youth, and the sorcerers' magic was powerful. Unaided he could not hope to overcome them or hinder their wicked plans. So he stood upon the roof of his house and stretched

up his arms to the night sky. He called upon the Cloud-and-Star god and told him his tale of grief.

“ ‘Send me down a god from your sky pueblo who will help me to rescue my sister. Send me help for the White Corn Maiden, who is in the power of the sorcerers!’

“The Cloud-and-Star god heard his prayer and sent down Kisha, the Hawk. Down from the sky he sent the Hawk, who spreads his wings among the stars. And the brother said to the shining Star-god:

“ ‘Behold, my sister is in deepest trouble. I fear the sorcerers and their terrible power. Help me rescue my sister while yet there is time!’

“Now, in the meantime, the sorcerers, carrying the unconscious maiden, had descended into their kiva, and they danced a dance about her.

Then they blew into her nostrils the carefully hoarded breath. She sat up, frightened and staring, only to see about her the cruel, painted faces of the dreaded tribe of sorcerers.

“ ‘Greetings, O White Corn Maiden,’ they taunted her. ‘Greetings, O Mana, who will not take a husband. Since you will not have one of our young men for a husband, we will have you for a slave. You shall do our hardest work, and at night we will turn you into a stick of wood. No one will know that you are alive, because they saw you buried. And if you go

near anyone, they will think you are a ghost, and hide their faces from you.'

" 'Let us beat her, let us beat her!' The old women of the sorcerers' tribe began to chant. And the maiden, helpless with terror, watched them pick up sticks and stones with which to torture her.

"But there came a sudden swishing sound as of great wings beating the air. And down into the kiva chamber came a huge and shining Hawk-god. He caught the maiden up in his arms and cried out to the brother:

" 'Slay these wicked sorcerers! Do not leave one of them alive!'

"Then up into the sky he carried her, and put her gently down in the pueblo of the stars. There in his house he showed her the gray fox skin that is hung out early in the morning, so that the 'white dawn' shall come, that false light in the sky which fades again into darkness; and he showed her, too, the yellow fox skin that is hung out later when the sun has really risen.

"Beautiful indeed was the pueblo of the stars. She dwelt in the house of Kisha and ground for him his corn. She said she would be his bride. So, in accordance with the ancient Hopi custom, he strewed corn-meal all the way to his house; it made a path across the sky.

"Now, the brother carried out the commands of

Kisha, and slew all the tribe of sorcerers. But the Cloud-and-Star god looked down and knew that so great was their evil power that they would bring themselves to life as soon as the youth had departed. He thought to himself:

“‘There is only one thing that is worse by far than death; that is to be laughed at.’

“So he came down from the sky and descended into the kiva; and he mixed the arms, and legs, and heads, putting them on different bodies. When the sorcerers came to life once more, they found to their consternation that old men’s arms were on young men’s bodies, that heads of babies grew upon the shoulders of strong young warriors.

“Even their magic could not undo the curse of the Cloud-and-Star god. So from fear of ridicule they never appeared any more in the pueblo, and finally dug themselves a home in the ground. No one ever sees them now, for they come up only at night.

“*Halikai!* Listen! The White Corn Maiden still lives in the star pueblo. Four beautiful children follow her footsteps; you can see them up there in the sky. You can see there the Hawk, with his great wings outspread; you can see the path of corn-meal. And if a star falls across that bridal path, happy is he who sees it. For the White Corn Maiden is smiling at him; he shall be lucky in hunting and wooing.”

Drowsily I heard the closing words of the ancient legend; drowsily I lifted my heavy eyes to the narrow lane of the sky. There, indeed, was Altair a-flying, the starry eagle whom the Hopis call "Kisha, the Hawk." There was Vega, the regal, the magnificent, with her four star children behind her. And there, between the lovers of the sky pueblo, was the bridal path, all dusty white, made from the twinkling of myriads of stars.

Now into the spangled darkness of the sky the moon rose, a great round lantern of gold. As if shrinking back from its mellow light, the cliffs wrapped themselves in shadows. Only there stood like a sentinel on guard a great dark boulder in silhouette against the luminous glory of the night. The god of the valley still kept his watch, still held his rocky vigil.

And as sleep came gently down on my heart, I heard the stir of a night bird. A plaintive little silver note coming somewhere out of the shadows, "Wi-gle-íva! Wi-gle-íva!"

And then there was silence again. We slept, profoundly, contentedly. And the red gods watched o'er our slumbers.

It seemed but a few moments that we slept, so deep and dreamless was our rest. My first return to consciousness was dimly associated with the crackling of a fire, the subdued stamping of horses' hoofs, and the

smell of fragrant coffee. Morning Star had built the fire and was crouched beside it with the red light of the little leaping flames playing upon his swarthy face, and the shining silver of his belt. Neither were we alone. For our friends of the previous night had returned. [They had dismounted from their horses, which were standing with that immobility peculiar to well-trained Indian ponies, and had seated themselves companionably around the fire, waiting with trustful patience until we should wake up and repeat our hospitality of the evening. They reminded me somehow of a group of hungry, yet polite dogs, who made no claim upon our largesse, but were there in case we should be moved to share our breakfast with them.

We made a hasty inventory of our larder—it is not the easiest thing in the world to pack supplies down that long, rocky trail—and decided that there would probably be enough. We queried Morning Star upon the subject. And he looked at us with his eyes that are like the eyes of a deer, and said with faint surprise in his voice, “Of course, we must feed them. They have come to see us.”

We fed them, very sketchily. Yet apparently it was sufficient. There is no “Thank you” in the Havasúpai tongue. But their broad smiles and the emphatic repetition of “*Hanéchi!*” (Good!) assured us that our guests were pleased.

The narrow cañon was still swathed in dusky shadow. But high upon the looming cliffs the light of dawn was painting the golden colors of the day. Thousands of little birds were singing among the rich greenery of the trees that lined the river-bank, there was a cool breeze that came up the valley from the falls of Havasú, and the running of the river was a shout of morning gladness.

Later we rode down the trail beside the river toward the village of Havasúpai, to visit the old chief, Manakajá.

Morning Star had wrapped his red and green blanket about him, for the breeze of dawn was chilly. His turquoise earrings twinkled, and the silver buttons of his moccasins winked from the stirrups. The joy of the early day was in his heart. And presently he began to sing, accompanying himself on the empty canteen in lieu of a drum. It was a pleasure song of his people that Morning Star sang. And the tawny cliffs above us echoed back the loud exultant notes. The red gods were awake, and listened to the song of their children:

*"Hao, win-a-hao, win-a-hao!
 Hao, win-a-hao, win-a-hao!
 Yeh-ay, kal-e-nai-yah!
 Yeh-ay, kal-e-nai-yah!
 Hao, win-a-hao, win-a-hao . . .
 H'ao!"*

The Havasúpai brethren, who rode behind us in a long, attentive file, applauded the song vociferously when it was finished. They urged that Morning Star sing it again. And when he did so, they joined in naturally, with rich, full voices, carrying the melody with surprising accuracy.

"What does the song mean?" I asked of Morning Star.

"It is a pleasure song of my people," he said, turning in his saddle. "When the girls are grinding corn, the young men sit around the room and sing. Someone plays the drum and perhaps the flute. The song says:

'See, here we are, here we are!

We have come singing all the way.

The rain gods are over there by the lake,

The sky is very blue.

Look, maidens, we, the young men, are here.

We are very happy; we have been singing all the way!"

Soon we came to the village of Havasúpai. There are a few small frame houses that the government built years ago, but most of the Indians prefer a shelter of branches and bark similar to the earthen *hogans* of the Navajos of the plains.

The women and children watched our coming with silent, round-eyed wonder. And when we stopped in the "sacred circle" under the shadow of the great rock called *Wi-gle-íva*, they presently found courage to

cluster around us and offer for sale their baskets, whose excellence was equal to their fame, elk hides tanned to glove-like softness, and pans of yellow, luscious apricots. We visited old Manakajá in his *hogan*. He received us in state, this time wearing the garb of his people, fringed elk-skin trousers and moccasins, a silver belt, a rolled band of cloth around his long hair, and a shiny badge upon his shirt which said, "Big Chief." His saddle-blankets were the finest we had seen. He exhibited them with the naive pride of a child. And from an old flour sack he produced two ears of corn, one blue, and one red. He brought them out with a flourish, like a magician performing an important trick. And why not? Because those two ears of corn, he informed us, were the original ones given to the Havasúpais by the brother gods, Hú-chi-pah and Ó-ki-mat

We rode down to the falls of Havasú, where the water rushes in misty torrents down the steep slopes and breaks into a long cascade of glittering blue with a rainbow shimmering always at its foamy base. There are three magnificent falls in that narrow, tortuous cañon. And the legend concerning them is that they are three sisters whose lovers were lost while hunting. The maidens searched long and faithfully for the absent warriors. And when the bodies of the young men were discovered at the foot of a cliff, the grief of the

sisters was such that they wept without ceasing. They were finally changed, by an impatient god, into the three rushing falls of the valley. But even the gods cannot kill true love. For in the shining of the misty rainbow, each faithful maiden's soul keeps eternal tryst with the soul of her beloved.

As we rode back to our encampment by the river, I questioned one of the young men who rode beside me.

"Why is it that your people live in *hogans*?"

He turned my question over in his mind, passed it on for other minds to wrestle with, and finally shrugged his shoulders as the reply came back along the line.

"I do not know; it has always been the custom with our people, just as it has been with the Navajos on the desert. Only we do not make our homes of earth because it is warm here in the winter. There is some reason for it, that is true. But we younger men do not know it. It is only the old people of our tribe who remember these stories."

Later that day I persisted in my inquiries as to the origin of these curious, low, round shelters that are a summer edition, so to speak, of the sod houses that dot the plains of Arizona and New Mexico. At last, one of the old men mumbled that he knew the reason the Navajos built their *hogans* in the way they did. He

was sure that the Havasúpais had copied their homes from their brothers of the plains, adapting them to the greater winter warmth of the little hidden valley.

This is the story which he told, through the medium of assorted volunteer interpreters:

“Long, long ago, everyone lived underground. That was before the sun was made, or the moon, and before fire had been discovered. After a while the people came up to the surface of the earth. The Hopis say that Mocking-Bird found the place where men could come through; the Indians of the plains, the Tetons, the Omahas and the Navajos say it was a buffalo being who guided the people up through the darkness of the underworld.

“But come up they did. They painted a yellow disk and hung it up in the sky, and that was the sun. When they wearied of having the continual heat and blazing light, they commanded Crow to fly up each night and take the shining ball under his wing. And when the darkness frightened them, they painted a white disk and threw it up in the sky. That was the moon.

“They had no fire. But the Thunder god sent down a lightning streak that put fire in the bottom of a sycamore tree that grew on an island. The Indians knew that fire was there, but none of them could reach it. So the animals and birds were asked to help, and all were anxious to try. First the raven tried, being large

and strong, but when he perched on the top of the tree the fierce heat scorched his feathers black; and in fright he flew away. Then little Wa-hu-hu, the screech owl, thought he might be successful. He flew down into the smoking tree, but when he neared the fire it hurt his eyes so that he was almost blinded. He flew back as best he could; and that is why his eyes are so red, and why he goes about at night when the light of day is vanished.

"The racer-snake, Uk-sú-hi, said he would swim across to the island and enter the tree from the bottom and bring out a glowing ember. He found a small hole and crept inside, but the ground was covered with hot ashes. In great misery Uk-sú-hi darted back and forth, trying to find the small hole where he had entered. When at last he managed to get out, without the promised coal of fire, his body had been burned black; and to this day he darts about upon the ground as if always seeking to escape.

"Now, when all the birds and animals had failed in bringing fire to the shivering red men, the Indians said to themselves, 'Why, we are no better off up here than we were under the earth! Let us go back where we came from. There are at least the inner fires of the underworld to warm us.' So they tried to find the hole through which they had come up; but they never found it and were forced to stay on top of the ground.

"Then they said, 'If we cannot live underground, at least we can make our houses of earth. That will help to keep us warm at night.' So this they did, cutting sod into large blocks and piling them up in layers. The houses were warm, and they were also a great protection from roving tribes who were their enemies; for the earthen *hogans* are not easily seen at a distance."

"But surely they got fire at last?" I questioned the old man. He thought deeply for a moment, as if trying to call back memories from his early youth.

"Yes," he said at last, "that is true. The red men lived for many years without fire to warm themselves at night or to cook their meat. Everyone was afraid of the smoking sycamore tree, and thought the Thunder god was guarding it, because something dreadful happened to any bird or beast who went near it.

"But finally little Water Spider said that she would go. And all the animals laughed at her, because she was such a humble person. But she said, 'I can run on top of the water, I can dive down to the bottom. Who among you can do so much? Only tie a string around me, and you shall see what I can do.'

"So they tied a long thread about her body and let her down into the smoking tree. She saw then that she could never hope to carry away one of the blazing embers unless she had something to put it in.

"So she took the thread that was tied around her, and stretched it out very fine, and wove it into a little basket which she fastened on her back. Then she dipped quickly down and scooped up a tiny, glowing ember. Then with the precious fire upon her back, she climbed up along the thread, which was getting very thin, and swam back across the water.

"The Indians were overjoyed when they saw Water Spider coming to them bearing the burning coal of fire. Even she, with all her cleverness, had not escaped unburned. To this day her back is red and black. The Indians said to her, 'Ask anything you wish of us. We are very grateful to you.' But she replied modestly, 'Only let me keep this thread. It may help me again some day.'

"So that is why all spiders can spin long threads of great strength. And that is why Water Spider has a little basket on her back."

It was upon the third day that we left the hidden valley. At daybreak we were upon our way, riding the sure-footed little Indian ponies who could accomplish with ease the seemingly impossible feat of climbing up and down the precipitous trail that leads to the outside world.

We lingered for a moment at the turning of the trail, where the great amphitheater of stone would block from our vision the greenery and the lush delight of

the land of the sky-blue waters. The little river even then had caught the color of the sky, and was unrolling it like a narrow ribbon between banks of watercress and overhanging reeds. The higher cliffs were touched by the crimson fingers of the morning, and the tawny colors were creeping downward to banish the clinging, purple shadows.

All the birds of the valley were awake. The air was filled with their chatter and the fluttering of their wings. As we turned our horses towards the long hot trail ahead, again I heard the little silver voice—"Wi-gle-íva! Wi-gle-íva!"—high up against the ruddy gauntness of the cliff.

And far above us, towering up into the blueness of the sky, the red gods on their rocky thrones looked down upon our pigmy caravan and bade us a silent farewell. In that early light of morning they seemed not wild or savage, but only gods whose day had passed, whose land was in the shadow. Who, accepting their defeat with magnificent composure, wrapped themselves in solitude to dream throughout the ages.

Why We Dance the Eagle Dance

I SHOULD like to tell you two stories, both dealing with the king of the birds, the eagle. Two stories that have come from out the misty land of legend, given to me with solemn assurance that the tales are entirely truthful.

Every tribe of Western Indians has its legend of the eagle. In substance all are different, though the essence is the same. For the kingly bird of mighty wings and searching amber eyes has been for ages past the symbol of strength, of wisdom, and of vision. The eagle is the only bird, so say the Western red men, who can fly into the noonday sun and not be utterly blinded. The eagle feather has always been the one that chieftains wear. And the eagle feather on the ancient pipes of peace was a sacred, solemn promise.

For long it was the custom (by some tribes still followed) for a chieftain to prove his right to the leadership of his people by catching an eagle, single-handed, and plucking out its feathers. This he must do without

shedding blood—except his own, which usually flowed freely—and without injuring the mighty bird. It was a dangerous and arduous task. There was another custom, a cruel one, which the desert Indians practiced—that of catching an eagle, alive and unhurt, and killing him with slow and torturous ceremonies—stabbing him to death with cactus thorns, and accompanying each death-dealing prick with a prayer that the drop of blood, so drawn, would be acceptable to the Great Sky Father. This custom long since has been discarded. There is a splendid reason for it. The reason has to do with one of the stories I will tell.

Each tribe of Indians has its eagle dance, which contains within its movements an easily read meaning, and a deeper, secret one. The motion of the eagle wings, the soaring and dipping in the sky, these things are easily perceived. But they are only the shell of the meaning. Two stories I was told which concerned the eagle dance. One comes from the Hopi pueblo of Mauncopi, that "House of the Bear" which clings against the cliffs on the edge of the Painted Desert. The other is from the tribe of Inaja, hidden far back in the mountains of California. I gained them by dint of much waiting, much tactful and persistent questioning, and last, I may as well confess it, by means of powerful bribery.

So, if you will go with me in spirit, I shall take you

across the Arizona desert, that boundless expanse of earth and sky which is ugly and barren only to those who do not understand how to love it. There the flat gray-green of the sandy waste stretches away to horizons edged with saffron—to fantastic ridges pasted against the hot, turquoise sky, curious rock formations that give the illusion of having been molded by some queer-minded, sardonic Titan. There are mountains sliced off neatly at the top as if a giant god had been testing the keenness of his sword; there are huge, up-standing frills of rock that some lady giantess might have used for a ruching on her collar; there are rounded sacrificial altars for gods that are long since dead; there are half-carved semblances of lizards and sleeping lions, prostrate giants and decapitated snakes.

There are river-beds, dry and dusty, trampled by the hoof marks of many hopeful cattle. It does not seem that water ever could flow along that barren desert channel. And yet the banks are cut away with savage, uncompromising strokes. It gives the only hint of how deeply and fiercely the water must run when the rain priests dance in the Hopi kivas, and the clouds give forth a life-saving deluge. The prairie-dogs come out of their holes to sit erect as little wooden pegs. And those from a distance come hurrying and puffing, like fat villagers who are afraid they will miss seeing the train go by.

Along the narrow, sandy road to Tuba City I shall take you if you will come, where the Painted Desert lies swathed like an eastern queen in a veil of misty color. Behind us lies the livid gray-green of the sand wastes. Around us is a land of softly painted grandeur, with rose-colored hills pressed up against the cliffs that are carved into purple pillars. Flaming rat-tail cacti spread their savage blossoms over walls of tawny yellow. Green cottonwood trees make a trail of coolness across the slope of hot magenta mountains. And ahead of us lies an oasis of green, almost unbelievable in the midst of the painted, desolate splendor. There is a thread of a river which winds between corn fields and melon patches; there are bending willows and cottonwood trees; there are mocking-birds and goldfinches, and little ruby-throated humming-birds. So swift is the change from barren waste to smiling plenty, it seems as if one has crossed a magic line that keeps the desert from intruding, an invisible wall that holds back the sandy desolation.

There lies Mauncopi, "the House of the Bear," a Hopi pueblo of remote and ancient history. The legend of it runs that many years ago, a tribe of people, being relentlessly pursued by the Navajos and Apaches, prayed for guidance from the Great Father, for they had no desire to fight. Their very name means "Peace." They only wished for calm security. So in

a dream the rain priest heard the voice of the Great Sky Father, saying:

"Go westward along a river, until you come to the house of the bear. There you shall be safe from wandering nations, and shall live in peace and comfort."

Obeying the voice and the dream, they journeyed westward, following the course of a river. And when they came to a cave, where a fierce bear disputed their progress, they knew that there was the end of their journey, the place which the Great Father had shown them. They killed the bear and made their first dwellings at the foot of the cliff. But finding more security on the upper reaches of the mountains, they built their pueblo far up on the ledges. They planted their corn fields and their melon patches down by the richly running river. And so the "House of the Bear" stands today as a monument builded in ancient times to the faith of a people in their god.

Civilization has but lightly touched this remote Hopi pueblo. True, there is a cook-stove of American manufacture which is one of the "sights" visitors are invited to admire. The younger girls do not wear the picturesque coarse-woven cotton garments of the old days, and you may catch glimpses of families eating their corn-meal cakes from plates of shiny tin. But still the men wear their hair cut in the orthodox Hopi fashion, short to the ears and bound up behind with

gaily woven strands of red and purple wool. Their ears are hung with precious turquoise, and their waists are banded with silver. Their blankets are woven with mystic symbols; there are charms in leathern pouches that are hung from their necks. The old women still pound the corn in the ancient Hopi fashion, sitting with stolid, never-ending patience on the bare floors of their dwellings, washing the meal through closely woven baskets, kneading it on a stone with practiced fingers, cooking it in the hive-shaped fireplaces.

The mothers rock their babies to sleep in a curiously constructed cradle with a wooden back and a hood of reeds, into which the baby is tied securely. Old men plod through the sun-heated square, dragging green boughs cut from the willows by the river. They will use them to make a porch-like shelter from the blazing midsummer sun.

In Mauncopi, the House of the Bear, the houses rise up tier on tier; built of flat stones cunningly laid together, flat-roofed, with ladders placed as stairways to ascend from house to house. Dogs and pigs and droves of turkeys wander companionably through the streets. They steal brazenly whatever corn cakes are lying on the floors of the open dwellings. They dodge expertly when moccasined feet aim kicks at them, and rush away followed by the less clever thieves, contesting their stolen winnings.

It was here, in Mauncopi, the House of the Bear, that I heard the eagle legend. The manner in which I came upon it was, in a way, dramatic. I was wandering about the streets that block in an irregular plaza, when my eyes were lifted suddenly to the low roof of a Hopi dwelling. At first, I thought it was a stuffed bird that sat there so quietly huddled. But when I came nearer, the bundle of feathers stirred. Great amber eyes stared listlessly down at me; the curved yellow beak that was like a golden scimitar moved slightly, only to bury itself dejectedly once more in the softness of the tawny brown feathers. It was a golden eagle on the roof of the Mauncopi dwelling, a prisoner by virtue of a chain which was bound about one leg. My heart went out with pity to that apathetic captive king. And I could not rest until I had questioned many people as to the disposition which would be made of the forlorn, dejected prisoner.

The old man who had been dragging willow boughs to make a shelter for his doorway, turned his dim eyes upward to where the eagle sat.

"No hurt, no kill," he mumbled emphatically when I questioned him about it. "Pretty soon put *ushimni* (blanket) over head so not can bite, take some feathers to make head-dress. Then we dance the eagle dance. No hurt the big Kwatóku; he is Hopi's friend and brother."

I would have liked to tell him that his friend and brother looked so unhappy that it would be kinder to release him and do without the feathers, but I curbed my tongue, though most unwillingly, and followed the old man to his work of dragging willow branches. It took much urging on my part before he would tell me the story. It took a visit to the curious half-American, half-Indian store, where Hopi cradles hang side by side with gaudy pink suspenders; where red ceremonial belts, woven by the men in the secrecy of the kiva chambers after four days of fasting, are piled up beside cheap china dishes, and antiquated popcorn balls.

I bought crackerjack for all his children—it seemed to me that his progeny must populate the entire pueblo. I bought him cigarettes, and a silk handkerchief bordered with red and blue and green. And when he could think of nothing else to ask me for—although he did finger rather wistfully a pair of flaming pink suspenders—he signed that I should follow him into the scant shade of the house where the captive eagle drooped above us, waiting sullenly and tiredly for whatever fate should bring him.

This is the tale the old man told me, rendered into English a bit more understandable than his. And although a middle-aged Hopi with a red blanket about him paused and scowled down at the story-teller, tersely telling him—I think—that he was getting old and too

talkative, the old man fingered the silken neckerchief and spat with accuracy at the near-by moccasined feet. He also added a word of direction in plain, unvarnished English.

"*Halikai!* Listen! Underground the people were living. Far, far underground all the tribes of red men, the Hopis, the Toncas, and the Osages of the plains. The Tetons say that a buffalo being showed mankind the way up to the face of the earth. But that is foolish. They are very ignorant. This is the truth of the matter:

"It was dark, very dark down there in the underworld. There was no moon, no sun, no fire. The men of the Hopi nation decided that it would be better to live on top of the earth rather than underneath it. So they sent all the birds to try and find an opening through which they might climb up. *Yáhpa*, the mocking-bird, found a hole that led up from the underground world. But so high was the opening that none could reach it. The tallest ladder was too short. Then the chiefs planted the seed of the pine tree, *Calávi*, and bade the tree stay awake and growing until it reached the opening.

"The tree tried to obey, but the growing was most tiresome. So finally it fell asleep. It stopped growing as soon as it slept, and the chiefs were very angry. Now sometimes at night you will hear the pine trees

sighing. It is because of the sorrow that is in their hearts, remembering that they failed in their duty.

"At last there came a great flood. It filled the caverns of the underworld and washed the people up to the face of the earth. But here they found their lot was not much better than when they had lived underground. For they were still in darkness. They held many councils because of it.

"In a dream the priests learned what to do; they took a piece of buffalo hide, cut round, and stretched it over a wooden ring. They painted black edges around it, and when it was finished they said to each other, 'This is all very well, but how shall we hang it up in the sky?'

"Then one of the chiefs stood in the center of the buffalo hide, and all the men of the tribe gathered round and swung it back and forth as far as their arms could reach. They hurled it upward into the sky, with the Hopi chief clinging to it. It went up, and up, and up. The chief hung it high in the eastern sky, and a pale white light began at once to flow over the darkness of the world. But the chief, once there in the sky, could not get down. He still lives in the moon; you can see him plainly. The Navajos say that the figure there is a hunter with his dog. But that is an ignorant superstition. I am telling you the truth of it.

"Now, the moonlight was pleasing to the people, but it was not strong enough to give any warmth, nor did it give a great deal of light.

"*'Ishohi!'* they said. 'Can we not make something better? Buffalo skin is too cold. The black paint dulls the light. Something softer, brighter, and better we must make to hang up in the sky.'

"So they took a piece of woven cloth called *mochápu*, cut it round, and painted it with copper paint. 'Let us not lose another of our chiefs,' they said. 'Let us paint a human face upon the cloth, and perhaps the wind gods will be deceived into thinking a chief is riding upon it and will carry it along.'

"This they did, painting the forehead with yellow, which is the color of the east, and with red, which is the color of the west. The face they painted blue, which is the color of the north, and streaked it with white, which is like the south. The eyes were made of black for symbols of the night. They ringed the cloth with corn husks, for which there is a secret reason that I may not tell you. They tied abalone shells to it because they shine so brightly and have in them many colors. Last they hung it with the feathers of a small yellow bird who has a bright red spot on his forehead. We use the feathers of this bird in our prayers to bring warm weather. Thus the feathers became a prayer that the shield should become warm and give light.

"When all was finished, the men of the tribe swung the painted cloth and threw it up into the sky. But it went only a little way and fell back upon the ground. Its falling loosened some of the stars, and they also dropped to earth. When you see stars falling now at night-time, it is because they became loose in their places the time the sun shield fell.

"Again and again the Hopi priests and warriors tried to throw the painted shield up into the sky. But always they failed. They could not understand why this was so, when they had been successful with the moon.

"But the rain priests prayed in the kivas and received in their hearts a message which said, 'Some living thing must take the sun shield up into the sky. Someone brave enough to fly very near the fiery houses of the stars to burn with the heat that shall grow within the sun. If any living creature is brave enough for this, you shall have light, warmth, and comfort.

"So the priests made known the message of the inner voice. But there was silence and a shrinking back, for no one was brave enough to offer himself for the sacrifice. The people looked up at the moon chief, who was doomed eternally to live in the sky, and they shook their heads. The birds were questioned, one by one, the mocking-bird, Yáhpa, the black crow, the little brown wren, the humming-bird.

“‘No, no, ‘do not ask us to do such a thing,’ they cried in fear. ‘Do not send us so far above the earth which is our home. We should be lost among the whirling stars, the heavy clouds, the bigness of the sky. Ask anything else of us, but not to carry the sun shield up into the remote regions that we know nothing of.’

“Then, as all the tribe despaired, Kwatóku, the golden eagle, raised his kingly head.

“‘Strong are my wings,’ he said, ‘the gift of the Great Sky Father. Strong are my eyes, and my yellow talons are strong. All my strength was given to me by the Unknown One who rules the world. Shall I be afraid, then, to make use of the gifts he gave me? Let me take the painted sun shield, let me carry it up into the sky. And if my life is sacrificed in doing this, it is for the good of the world and its creatures. Watch me as I fly upward; and, if I am successful in hanging the shield in the sky, I shall let a feather fall so that you may find it, and may know that I have done my duty.’

“*Halíkai!* Listen! Up flew the great Kwatóku! Up flew the golden eagle carrying the sacred sun shield, Higher and ever higher, until he was but a speck in the sky. And the light became stronger and stronger; the painted disk glowed as it was carried steadily upward. Softly golden it glowed, then blazing yellow.

The smaller it became, the more intense was the light. The people of Hopi threw themselves on their faces and gave thanks to the Great Sky Father for the mighty gift of the sun.

"But the eagle, Kwatóku, ah, how the heat scorched and burned him! Blinded almost were his eyes because of the fierce radiance from the blazing disk he carried. Still he would not release it, although his feathers smoked—you can see now how they are scorched on the tips of his wings. Higher he rose, and higher, until he came to the peak of the world, the top of the sky. And there he hung the sun.

"In triumph he loosened a feather from his tail, and it went drifting down through the clouds toward the earth, far, far below. But his triumph did not last. For his smoking feathers burst into flame. In an instant he must have crumpled up and died in the newly created sun's fierce burning.

"He screamed aloud in his agony, and the Great Father heard the cry of anguish. Swiftly he sent the rain clouds. Swiftly he sent the lightning and the rolling banks of thunder. The rain poured down upon Kwatóku's plumage, drenched it, and put out the fire. Like a helpless stone he fell through the air, because his wings were now so rain-drenched that he could not use them to fly. But again the Great Father had mercy on him. He stretched out a shining rainbow. And

down the glittering arch, Kwatóku walked to the earth, proudly, slowly, as a respected chieftain walks.

"That is why the eagle now has eyes that are the color of the pale sun when it rises in the east. That is why he screams when flying at a great height—it is in memory of his cry of agony when he felt the sun fire envelop him. That is why we pray to Kwatóku to bring us cooling rain. And that is why we, the Hopi people, dance the eagle dance."

Now, if you will come with me again, I will take you to a gentler, more verdant country. I will take you westward to California, where the air is sweet with orange blossoms. I will take you from San Diego, where lies the shining "Harbor of the Sun," past Guatai Mountain, which is the red man's "Place of Council." There the slender cypress trees grow stately tall upon its sloping sides. There they stand like tall green tapers lighted only by the sun, the melancholy cypresses that are the old world's children. Here on Guatai Mountain is the one place they grow without planting, without tending; they are mysteriously at home. In ancient days the coastal Indians made their sacrifices from this mountain. And the legend still persists that if you break a cypress branch on Guatai, the sleeping storm gods will awaken, and will pour out their devastating anger.

I will take you past *Viejas* grade, which in Spanish means "the old ones." The name of it comes from a distant time when the Spaniards swept down over the land, with a cross in one hand and a sword in the other. The Indians fled before them. And when the news came to a certain tribe that the strangers were pressing close upon them, they took council what should be done to check the deadly coming.

An old man of the tribe advised them that the young men and the women, the children and the babies, should go far up in the mountain fastnesses where the white men could not follow. This was done. And when the Spaniards came upon that tribe's encampment, they found no one but old, old men and feeble, bent old women. In great disgust they went away, and they called the place "*Las Viejas*." And so the name remains to this day, though few people know its reason.

Now, come with me into the hills of Julian, where the pine trees stand in sentinel ranks against the clearness of the sky. Tucked far back in that wooded place is the reservation of Inaja, a broad, fair meadow shut in by crowding firs and rigid, stiff-branched pine trees. Looming far above it is the famous Eagle Peak. The legends of many coast and desert tribes center around its lofty summit. It was here that once I saw them dance the eagle dance. Not as the Hopis dance it, with the plumage of the eagle fastened to arms and wrists,

not with the leaping and bending of the body that the agile Hopis give it, but with a whorl of eagle plumage fastened into their head-dresses, with gourd rattles in their hands, with slow, almost laborious steps that have a curious broken rhythm.

Even the most careless spectator could sense the symbolism of some dramatic, powerful story. The dancers circle slowly about the fire, each bronzed face set into a mask-like rigidity. This is no triumphant flight of an eagle carrying the sun shield up into the sky; it is rather the retelling of some incredibly ancient tale of wrong-doing, of vengeance, of belated, but complete repentance. The dancers chant in unison as they circle about the fire.

*"Awi cachan no pala ari rita—
Awi cachan no pala ari rita—"*

The meaning is vague, but a free translation is:

"Behold, the eagle speaks;

The eagle speaks for a long time."

It was Joachim who told me this story. Joachim who leads the dance and who sets the tempo of the chant. A Christian? Oh, yes, most certainly. He would resent any inference that his devotion was not equal to that of the white man. And yet—it was he who told me:

"The coyotes howled on the hills last night. There

will be bad luck coming to the tribe this winter. The coyotes were talking among themselves about it. But they did not howl in front of anyone's house, so I do not think it is death that is coming."

It was Joachim who told me: "My father could understand the language of the owls. Many times in my youth my father would hear the little screech owls at night. He would go outside and listen to them. Then perhaps he would say to me, 'The son of Káluchan will be sick. The son of Káluchan will die.' Never did the owls lie to my father. They told him many things. The night he died they talked a great deal, flying about the door. They never talk to me, because I do not know their language."

It was Joachim who told me the legend of the Eagle Peak, and the reason that the Indians no longer kill an eagle slowly and with the torture of cactus thorns. It was he who told me why the Inajas and the red men of the southern coast dance that curious, shuffling, rigid-posturing dance they call the eagle dance, or the Dance of Great Atonement.

Long, long ago, when the world was very young, all honor was given to the king of the birds, the eagle, who could fly up closest to the Father of All Things and tell him of the red man's needs.

But there came wicked medicine-men into the land of Inaja, who were the servants of evil spirits, and who

led the people into the worship of strange and terrible deities. These medicine-men said that the Great One who ruled the world was a god of blood and sacrifice. And so they initiated the Indians into a ritual of torture. Still they worshiped the eagle as the representation of life and power. But there was savagery and torture in the worship that they gave him. For when they caught an eagle, they bound him and danced about him, thrusting cactus thorns into his body, chanting wildly as the great bird screamed with pain.

Now there were in that time, as in the present time, men of the tribe of Inaja who understood the language of certain birds. There was a young man, a dead chief-tain's son, whose name was Kú-chi-na, who understood the language of the eagles. Many times, when he was traveling through the forest, he would hear the screaming of the eagle, and knew that the great bird was saying:

"Tell your people that the vengeance of the eagle's blood shall come upon them! . Tell them to turn from these evil things that the servants of the bad spirits have taught them; tell them that there will come a day of great and fierce atonement. Say unto the people of the tribes of the Inaja and Pala, that storm clouds sweep low upon the Eagle Peak. Say to them to turn from wrong-doing, or beware the eagles' vengeance!"

And Kú-chi-na, who understood the language of the

eagles, would faithfully repeat what the king of birds had told him.

But always the medicine-men made fun of him, cast ridicule upon him before the assembled council. They mocked him when he would not dance the dance of torture; they said of him:

"There is water in his veins; his bones are made of grass stems."

In their hearts they feared his eloquence, for among his people some day he would be chief. So they devised a method that would rid them of the man who always cried aloud in council, "Turn from your ways of wickedness! Beware the eagles' vengeance!"

Now, in those days the Eagle Peak stood as it stands today, towering high above the mesa, with smooth and unscalable wall. Half-way up the gaunt smoothness of the cliff there is a narrow ledge. And there, for centuries past, the eagles have made their nests. There upon that narrow ledge they have built their nests of branches, reared their young and naked fledglings, taught them how to fly. Safe have those eagles been from hunters, for no man can scale the cliff. And even if a hunter shot an eagle from the top of that towering peak, he never could climb down to take the prize of his skill. Wings alone can reach that high and narrow ledge.

The medicine-men took council with each other. And

by stealth and treachery they laid a crime of theft upon the shoulders of Kú-chi-na. The penalty was death by torture. And although the mother of the young chieftain unbound her hair and flung herself weeping at the feet of the skin-clad medicine-men, they looked upon her grief with sardonic, triumphant eyes.

"Kú-chi-na is a thief," they said, "and Kú-chi-na must die."

A terrible, lingering death did they devise for the young man who had roused their fear and enmity. They decreed that he be let down by a rope of deer thongs from the top of the Eagle Peak, to the narrow ledge where the eagles made their nests. There he was to starve, or be torn apart by the savage birds.

"He understands the eagle language," they said with evil laughter. "Let him see if he can keep death away by talking to the eagles."

And so upon the day appointed, they led him, bound and helpless, to the high summit of the Eagle Peak; and the people followed after. Behind him walked his mother, weeping, and stretching out her arms, promising to be the slave, the willing slave of the medicine-men if they would free her son. She begged them to let her suffer the death that was to come to Kú-chi-na. But they laughed with their cruel, painted mouths—there was no laughter in their eyes.

So they bound him tight with deer thongs, wound

the plaited strands about him, and like a tied-up bundle of worthless stuff, they swung him down from the cliff. Lower, lower, the helpless chieftain swung, his body swaying back and forth against the stony wall, lower and lower, out over the breath-taking depths below, closer and closer to the narrow ledge where the mighty eagles nested. The medicine-men chanted as they let down the long, long strands of the deer thongs. The people huddled together, saying in their hearts:

"This is a terrible deed to do if Kú-chi-na is innocent. If he is innocent indeed, we may suffer for the thing that the medicine-men are doing."

His mother lay upon the edge of the cliff, watching the helpless, swinging body of her son with haggard, staring eyes. And when the bundled body struck sometimes against the cliff, she cried out as if she felt the pain that was in the heart of her son.

At last the rope of deer thongs went slack and weightless in their hands. The medicine-men looked down from the peak and saw that far below them the bound figure lay upon the narrow ledge in the midst of the eagles' nests.

Then they shouted wildly in triumph and danced the terrible black medicine dance, leaping high into the air and becoming like rigid figures of wood, twisting themselves like snakes along the ground, making noises that checked the hearts of the people with terror.

Only the mother of Kú-chi-na was not afraid. She lay upon the edge of the cliff, staring down far, far below, where her son lay bound and helpless to await a lingering death.

Presently the medicine-men and the people went away, for the eagles had not come to the narrow ledge below; they had not as yet found the living, helpless chieftain. The mother of Kú-chi-na remained. And when they had all departed, stealthily she drew forth a sharp and polished copper blade and dropped it surely and deftly down upon the eagles' ledge. Kú-chi-na saw the fall of the knife and wriggled himself along the rocky ledge until he possessed it. Valiantly and mightily he struggled, until at last he cut the thongs loose. He was free—yet a captive, a prisoner caged between earth and sky. Still he did not despair. For in his heart there was goodness. No harm had he ever done to man or bird or beast. And so he waited calmly the coming of the eagles.

They came at last, the great, fierce birds, whirling down out of the sky, each with a rabbit or a squirrel clutched in yellow curving talons.

The fledglings in the nests stretched up their naked necks, and opened wide their blind mouths with shrill, persistent screaming. Down swooped the eagles upon that narrow, hanging ledge of rock. And Kú-chi-na gripped hard his knife, yet made no gesture or threat.

"Behold, my brothers," he said to them, "I come among you unwillingly. Not through my own efforts am I here, but because of wickedness that was planned against me. I bear you no ill-will, nor would I harm your children. It is because I have faithfully repeated your words of warning from the sky that this evil has befallen me. Do not look upon me with anger."

Then the great birds took counsel among themselves, and the chief of the eagles said, "This man has been our brother, he understands our language. Never has he harmed our kindred, never has he danced the dance of torture. His heart holds kindly thoughts for us. Therefore, let us receive him kindly."

So the eagles did not slay Kú-chi-na as the medicine-men had planned. Instead, they gave him the shelter of their outspread wings at night; they brought him squirrels and rabbits and clusters of grapes and berries.

The mother of Kú-chi-na did not know of the eagles' kindness. She only knew that her son was a free, yet imprisoned captive on the ledge of the rock, far below. So she secretly brought food and a clay *olla* filled with water. These she let down to him by means of a rope of deer thongs. For three days and three nights did she minister to the needs of her son. And then a medicine-man, spying upon her movements, found that she was giving food and drink to the condemned man on the eagles' ledge below.

Forcibly they made her a prisoner, dragged her roughly with them, and bound her to a stake in the center of a *ramada*, which is a group of branch houses formed in the shape of a square.

When the food and drink was no longer lowered on the rope of deer thongs, Kú-chi-na feared that harm had come to his mother. He knew that she alone would have the courage to defy the medicine-men, because of the love she bore him. So he begged one of the eagles to find out what had happened to his mother. And when the great bird came back at the close of day, back to the growing fledglings who were wearing their first young feathers, he spoke to Kú-chi-na, saying:

"Your mother is indeed a prisoner; wickedness is working against her. They have condemned her to die because she gave you aid. She is to die tonight in the midst of the flames."

Kú-chi-na gave a great cry because of his utter helplessness. Then, springing to his feet and spreading out his arms, he addressed the assembled eagles:

"Oh, my brothers, help me now! This is the time for atonement! This is the time for the eagles' vengeance that you from the skies have foretold. Give into my hands the power of vengeance! Let me blow the breath of wickedness from the tribes of the coast and desert. Only let me come into chieftainship, and this is the vow I make you, that always shall the eagles

be held in honor, and without the ceremony of torture. Yes, my children and my children's children shall dance the dance of atonement; never shall they forget this wrong, and the vengeance that came from the skies!"

The eagles screamed aloud and stretched their great wings wide.

"Your words are good," said the chieftain eagle. "This is the time for our vengeance."

East and west the eagles flew, far to the north and to the south, flying against the falling sunlight, flying into the shadows, summoning the winged brotherhood from cliff and plain and forest. From the east came the golden eagles flying, with eyes that were amber-colored like the desert sands above which they made their homes. From the north came the eagles with white heads that were like the mountain snows. From the south came the eagles flying with wings that were tipped with blue. And from the far distant western islands lying out in the sea, the eagles came as from the setting sun. The air was filled with their screaming.

Then said Kú-chi-na to the eagle chieftain, "Lend me the strength of your wings. Make of your bodies a flying mat on which I may safely come to earth."

This they did, spreading wide their great, strong wings, putting their bodies closely together so that Kú-chi-na could seat himself upon them. Then slowly the winged, living cloud descended to the earth. The

darkness of their many bodies was a black fog against the sky.

Now, in the great *ramada* the tribe of Inaja made ready for the sacrifice. A high, strong stake was driven into the ground; pine fagots were heaped about it, smelling of resin and pitch. The people of Inaja shuddered and huddled inside their houses. For they said:

“Surely this thing is evil. We shall be punished for the killing of this woman whose only fault is that she dearly loved her son.”

But the medicine-men with their painted faces, their rattles and magic-sticks, their whips of rawhide and their blood-stained feathers—they laughed as they placed the fagots. They laughed as they dragged forth the mother of Kú-chi-na and bound her to the stake. They laughed as they danced the fire dance, with flaring, uplifted torches.

Faster and faster they whirled about the unlighted pile of fagots, leaping and turning, coming closer, ever closer to the drooping, bent old woman. High they raised the flaring torches dripping with red, evil-eyed sparks of light, ready to hurl the hungry flames into the dry, piled fagots.

But even as their arms were raised, there came a sudden cry. The people were staring upward, where it seemed that the heavens were burning. From the east, sweeping down out of the sky, there came a blaz-

ing, screaming cloud. A cloud of fire that swooped low o'er the land, struck at the pines and the fir trees, dropped embers into the low bushes, set fire to the corn fields and *mesas*. There came with the burning, screaming cloud a wind that was fierce and steady. It fanned the embers into leaping tongues; it pushed the fire before it.

Down upon the *ramada*, the home of the tribe of Inaja, down swept the savage, roaring flames, and the people fled for their lives.

Even the medicine-men, with their evil magic, felt their bones turn into water. The torches dropped from their weakened hands; they stared with pallid faces.

For the screaming cloud came swiftly on, straight above the *ramada*. A blending of flame and darkness, with the roar of powerful wings! Down swooped the living, flaming cloud, the eagles from all the air lanes, each with a blazing, smoking brand held fast in his yellow talons. And in the midst of the terrible cloud, there came the chieftain, Kú-chi-na, riding securely upon the living mat of strong and powerful bodies!

Swiftly he ran to the piled-up fagots and kicked them away with his feet. Swiftly he unbound his mother and held her in his arms. The medicine-men saw too late their doom. They tried to flee through the darkness. But the eagles caught them and tore them and killed them. Not one was left in the tribe.

Down toward the leafy *ramada* the terrible flames were coming, pushed by the fierce wind out of the east. The sky was red with destruction.

Then the people came whimpering and shaking, threw themselves at the feet of Kú-chi-na.

"Save us from this destruction," they cried, "and you shall be our chieftain! We shall obey your voice as the voice of a god; we shall be like obedient children. Only save us from this terrible thing that our deeds have brought upon us!"

So Kú-chi-na spoke to the eagles, and they spoke to the wind from the east. They called the wind of the west, who came and blew the flames backward.

All night the west wind pushed the fire, until, when the morning came, the *mesa* was blackened and smoking, but the danger had passed away.

Now in the tribe of Inaja, when you see the eagle dance, you may recognize this story, if your eyes have understanding. You may see, in that long, slowly moving line, the letting down of the rope. And when you see them stop, with a guttural "Uh-h!", you may know that Kú-chi-na has reached the ledge.

When the movement of the dance is faster you can see the eagles coming. You can see them carrying the chieftain on their friendly outstretched wings. Now with the whirling and the turning, you see the dance of torture. You know that Kú-chi-na's mother is

awaiting her death by fire. And when you see them snatch the fire-brands from the blazing pile in the center, you can see, with the eyes of understanding, the eagles coming for vengeance!

The blazing fagots are dropped back into the fire; the long weaving line lifts their hands toward heaven. They are chanting, as they shuffle out beyond the firelight's rim. And their chanting is a promise, a remembrance of atonement.

Ungrateful Gate

IN THE month of falling leaves, Twana Tyee told me this story. The Washington woods were all aglow with the golden torches of the maples, and the pointed poplars stood straight and still as yellow tapers burning. The alders and the wild plum trees spread a filigree of dull amber over the stalwart green of the pines and firs and hemlocks. Only the dogwoods flamed in glorious rebellion against the pervading green and gold of the forest. Their leaves had turned to crimson and purple and rich magenta. And the loosened flutter of them in the wind was like the shaking of a rainbow.

The woods were sweet with the pungent fragrance of fir trees newly drenched with rain, the cool breathing of wet moss, and the nearer, richer fragrance of wet and matted leaves carpeting the ground. The sunlight fell in slanting shafts through the interlacing branches of the trees, and through the air the red and yellow leaves were drifting, like little flickering flames blown down by the autumn's breath.

Twana Tyee walked with me along the creek road

that leads up to our beloved Hill Trail. He is an old, old man, and his days are almost finished. But his dim eyes peer steadfastly from his wrinkled brown face. Something of youth still remains in them. They are yet alert to the flutter of a bird wing in the branches of the trees, to the glint of sunlight on the leaping, murmuring waters, and the silent, golden flickering of the maple leaves a-falling.

He had known me in my childhood, when Brother and I lived upon the shores of Puget Sound and found contentment in the solitude about us, the companionship of many wild things, and the understanding of the red man's lore.

They say the Indian will not talk to you of the things which are nearest his heart. But I think it is only because of the disbelief, the ridicule, the suppressed smiles of the white man. I have found them eager, willing narrators when once they are assured of interest. Their instinct for the dramatic is unfailing. Those who think of Indians as phlegmatic and expressionless of face should hear a story told as only the red man can tell it, face and hands and body combining with the voice to give you a perfect, a complete picture of the thing that he is telling.

So it was when Twana Tyee told a story. Sometimes his English would lapse into the guttural Chinook. Sometimes his speech went even farther afield,

back into the intricate windings of his own tongue, which I could not understand. But even so, with the story once started, it was possible to follow its meaning, so true and clear was Twana Tyee's acting of it.

Now, on this golden autumn day, he turned to me as we slowly walked beside the little creek, and his shrunken hand pointed toward the somber greenery of the firs, that seemed to hold themselves aloof from the carnival of autumn glory, wrapping themselves in shadows and in sighing, murmurous stillness.

"Them sad," Twana Tyee said as he pointed, "them always sad when falling-leaf time comes. No can make shine like maples, always green—always sad. You hear them at night in falling-leaf time? They tell Night Wind how sad them are."

I knew that there was a story close behind the few sentences he had spoken. So when we stopped to rest presently, on a mossy log that jutted out over the pebbly-bottomed stream, I asked him why the fir trees were so sad when winter came. And why it was—for I was sure he knew—that the maples turned to golden torches, and the dogwoods flamed with splendor. When he answered me at length, it was to tell an ancient legend, a tale that dealt not only with the question I had asked him, but with a happening that has left its imprint on the broad expanse of the Columbia River.

"The Bridge of the Gods" is well known to all who are familiar with the beauties of Oregon's out-of-doors. It is well known to those who have traversed that magnificent highway called "The Road of Falling Waters." There at Cascade Locks the stern granite walls rise sheerly out of the surging, clamoring river to form what seems to be the remnants of a mighty bridge built by some titanic force. Scattered and thrown about in great confusion are the gigantic river boulders. It is easy to believe that some avenging power has destroyed that ancient causeway.

"The Bridge of the Gods" is what the white man calls it. But Twana Tyee knows it by a different name. A gate, he said it was, because it opened and closed again in the days of Syah-an-cu-ti, which is the time of the very long ago. A portal that once linked very close the kingdoms of earth and sky. And because of the evil which came through it, the discord and the ingratitude, the northern Indians call it by two curious, guttural words. They mean "Ungrateful Gate."

In the time of Syah-an-cu-ti, which is the time of the very long ago, many ages before the world was peopled, or even before there was light, the universe was ruled by Doak-a-batl, the Great One, who dwelt in Ilahee, the land of happy spirits. He was the Sag-halie Tyee of the skies, which is to say, the greatest chieftain of all.

There was another chieftain, who ruled the demons with long tails and ugly, pointed faces. His name was Ka-ke-heete, and he dwelt with his hideous people in the cold shadows of Stickeen, land of the unhappy dead.

He hated Doak-a-batl, the good, kindly chieftain of the skies; and it was always in his heart that sometime he would overthrow the great Saghalie Tyee, and rule the world himself. But very carefully he hid the evil that was in his heart. He made frequent visits to Ilahee and always spoke smooth, hypocritical words to the Saghalie of the skies.

Now, upon one of his visits to Ilahee, he found Doak-a-batl, the Great One, surrounded by clouds of smoke that he blew from his long pipe of reeds. Doak-a-batl was thinking deeply, for it was in his mind to create a world as fair as Ilahee, where a race of happy human beings should dwell.

He spoke of this great plan to Ka-ke-heete, the demon Tyee. But Ka-ke-heete smiled unpleasantly and flicked his long tail in disdain.

"To be good is to be stupid, O Saghalie Tyee," he said. "Do you really believe that you can create a race of human beings who will live happily and peacefully together."

"*A-he!*" answered the good Tyee, which is to say, "Yes, indeed."

Ka-ke-heete did not dispute with Doak-a-batl. But as he rode home on the wind to the cold land of the unhappy dead, the sky grew dark with his evil laughter, and the lightning flashed where his long tail struck the clustering clouds.

He said to the wicked spirits who served him :

"Let the Saghalie Tyee do what he likes without interference. Only we shall follow the trail of his moccasins. Where he plants flowers, we shall plant thorns. Where he makes laughter, we shall make tears. For every happiness there will be a sorrow. And when he gives good gifts to the world, we shall find a way of turning them to our purposes."

Now, the Saghalie of the skies set about creating a world that should be as beautiful as Ilahee, the land of happy spirits. The dome of the world was a blue sky flecked with clouds; the floor of it was carpeted with grass and moss and flowers. He set flowing rivers and thundering waterfalls amid the glory of great trees and lofty mountains. He made birds and animals and fishes. And when at last all was complete, he found his materials were exhausted. He had saved nothing with which to create mankind for whom the earthly paradise had been created.

Now it was that the cunning Ka-ke-heete came and stood by Doak-a-batl's side. For you must know that so great was the goodness of the Tyee's heart that he

could suspect no evil in anything or anyone. And the demon chieftain understood the dilemma which made the Saghalié so thoughtful.

"Look," said Ka-ke-heete, holding up a handful of leaves, "here is something with which to make the human beings on which you have set your heart. See these stalwart oak leaves—they would make strong warriors. These maple leaves curl their edges when they are set upon the water, so from them you could make a race of men who would master the seas and rivers and gain their livelihood from fishing. And these pointed poplar leaves—their beauty could be used to create a race of fair, slender women."

The Saghalié, knowing nothing of the guile in the heart of Ka-ke-heete, listened to his counsel. He fashioned the leaves into men and women and set them upon the earth to people it.

Then indeed the demon Tyee laughed loud and triumphantly. "Do you see?" he cried to his evil followers. "A race of people frail as leaves will be rare sport for us. Their minds and passions will be such that they will be at the mercy of every passing wind. Never will they be contented. They will flutter and fall, as the leaves from which they were created die in autumn."

It came to pass, even as the cunning demon had foretold. People were not contented, nor were they strong-

minded. They changed with every passing gust of thought. And,—ah—deepest cunning of all—since man was made from leaves which have but a little life, he was doomed to live but a short while, then to wither like the leaves, grow old and sere, and die.

Soon the Saghalie Tyee saw how his plans had gone astray. How every gift he gave his children was misused or else unappreciated. He became wary of his bounty and set a curb upon his natural generosity. So it was that the dwellers of earth had no fire.

“For,” said Doak-a-batl, the Great One, “they have fashioned weapons out of stone which I meant them to use for shelter. They have cut fair trees into clubs with which to slay one another. What would they not do with fire, the sacred flame which burns before my lodge in the west? Nay, they have the sun to warm them, the moon to light their way at night. Fire is too precious a gift to send down to these wayward, foolish children of mine.”

But as time passed on, the good Saghalie’s heart grew more and more troubled concerning the people whom he had created, and to whom he had given an earthly home. So he called his three sons to him: Mul-tno-mah, the eldest, the warrior; Kli-ki-tat the maker of totems; and Wa-yees, the singer of songs. He spoke to them, saying:

“Behold the dwellers of the earth, how they are at

war with one another, how they misuse the gifts I have sent them. It is for you, my sons, to take the chieftainship of these people. Teach them wisdom and forbearance; show them how to live peacefully and happily. When they have learned control and wisdom, then will I give them fire; but not one ember shall they have until they learn forbearance and kindness."

From the quiver of each son he took an arrow, and shot it into the air. The arrow of Kli-ki-tat fell to the north; that of Mul-tno-mah to the south; and to the west fell the arrow of Wa-yees. So the sons of the Saghalié Tyee followed the arrows as they had been commanded, and founded the great nations that have dwindled now to nothingness, keeping the glory of their beginnings only in the names they bear.

No more sons had the Saghalié Tyee. But there dwelt in Ilahee old Loo-wit, the Watcher, the old, old woman who had seen the star flowers planted in the great sky garden. She who had been old when the sun was newly hung from the roof of the world. She who was ages older than Doak-a-batl himself.

It was Loo-wit, the Watcher, into whose keeping the great Saghalié gave the only fire in the world; a thin red flame that burned always within sight of her age-old eyes. And he made a great bridge, on which he set the fire and Loo-wit. A great bridge of stone it was, spanning a mighty river.

"It shall be the gateway between the land of earth and Ilahee," he said. "It shall be the meeting-place of tribes, the place of council. Men shall come to you, seeking wisdom. You shall give them your knowledge and your best thoughts. Only give them not the sacred fire. The world is not yet ready for the flame that is the most precious of all my gifts to man."

Very beautiful did Doak-a-batl make the bridge of stone. He put trees and flowers to grow upon it; he carpeted it with fragrant moss. The tribes went across the great river with dry moccasins. They sought the wisdom of old Loo-wit, the Watcher, and she answered them faithfully and wisely.

Now Ka-ke-heete saw that the goodness of the Saghalee, the leadership of his three sons, and the wisdom of old Loo-wit were turning the hearts of the red men into trails of kindly and peaceful thought. So he set his evil mind to work on a plan to disrupt the harmony that existed upon the earth.

"Three things must I destroy," he said scowling, "the faith of Doak-a-batl in his creation, the friendship between the Saghalee's sons, and the wisdom of Loo-wit, the Watcher."

First to Ilahee sped the demon Tyee. He greeted Doak-a-batl with fair words and smoked *chinoose*, tobacco, with him in token of friendship.

"*Ayi*, great Saghalee Tyee," thus spoke the demon

Ka-ke-heete, "you do wrong to let your people live without a thought of gratitude in their hearts. You have given them much—and have asked nothing. Foolish is he who gives without a thought of return, for people say to themselves, 'Surely this gift is worthless, or he would not have left it so lightly.' Wise is he who expects something in exchange for his potlatch gift. Those who accept will say, 'Very fine is this gift: there is a great price upon it. I must give something as valuable or I shall be shamed in the eyes of my tribe.'

"Make your children take heed of the many things you have given them for their happiness. Send your messengers to establish a time of reckoning, when all living things, great and small, shall repay you in some way for your goodness and your giving."

This counsel seemed wise and fitting to the great Saghalie, since he could not see the guile that prompted the seemingly innocent advice. North and south and east and west he sent his messengers from Ilahee, to seek from all living creatures some recognition of the bounty he had bestowed on them.

But Ka-ke-heete went before the messengers of cheerful giving, always striving to sow discontent, always speaking in slurring terms of how the great Doak-a-batl was so avaricious that he was not content with the treasures of Ilahee, land of happy spirits, but

must take from the earth creatures the things which properly belonged to them.

Thus it was that when the messenger of cheerful giving came to the forest, the great pine trees frowned down on him. The hemlocks drew their bristling branches away; the fir trees held themselves stiffly aloof from the emissary of the Great Father.

"Nay," they all said, scowling, "we will give nothing; not so much as a cone or a needle. What has the great Saghalie done for us but to plant us here? We ourselves have fought for our existence; we have taken our food from the earth and air; we have battled against winds and drought. What do we owe the Tyee of the skies? Nothing! Nothing! We will not give a cone or a needle!"

But very different was the speech of the other forest trees, the alders, the dogwoods, the maples, the poplars, and the humble huckleberry bushes, whose hearts had not been poisoned by the speeches of Ka-ke-heete.

"All our existence we owe to the great Sky Father," they said, "the earth which gives us food, and the air in which we spread our leaves. Small is the return which we can make him who has been so kind to us. But such as we can give, we will give with our whole hearts. Take our leaves, take all of them! Bear them as a tribute of our love and gratitude to the great Saghalie of Ilahee!"

Thus speaking, they shed their leaves at the feet of the messenger of cheerful giving. And lo, as the leaves came fluttering down to earth, they turned to red and purple; they fell in a golden glory! The air was filled with color. It was, said Twana Tyee, like the shaking of a rainbow.

The pines and firs and lordly hemlocks gazed with envy and amazement at the wealth of beauty that the other trees were shedding.

"*Ayi!*" they cried. "We, too, will let our needles fall if they will turn to bits of gold and float in the air like little yellow feathers!"

But the messenger from Ilahee, the spirit that the great Saghalie had sent, shook his head sternly, and his voice was filled with sorrow.

"It is too late, selfish, ungrateful children," he said. "It is only the gift of a willing heart that turns to gold in the eyes of the great Sky Father. Never will you lose your needles, haughty pines, and firs, and hemlocks; never will you know the shining glory that your humbler brothers will know. For all ages to come you shall stand in your dark green robes, sighing at night to the winds whose empty voices will not console you. And you shall know a greater curse than this, haughty fir trees. By reason of your green and clinging needles, you shall be humbled by a terrible monster called Fire. Throughout the moons to come this Fire shall be your

enemy. You will wrestle with him as with an evil spirit. And always he will overcome your pride and strip you black and naked."

These were the words of the messenger of cheerful giving. And they have come to pass indeed, as everybody knows.

To every creature, large and small, went the messengers from Ilahee, and a blessing or a curse went with them, according to the response they met. Those who had not been poisoned by Ka-ke-heete's words gave gladly to the great Saghalie, as a child offers its love and gratitude to a kindly, loving father.

The rivers and lakes sent up their drops of water. And in return they were given the color of the sky to hold against their hearts. The high mountains refused the summons, and now for punishment their haughty heads are ever weighted down by a crown of snow that is as cold and thankless as the words they spoke to the messengers.

The mountain flowers, however, gave gladly of their perfume. Now they are scentless, quite; but they shine with a thousand colors. The lupins, the gentians, and the snow plants, they are bright with the reward which their gratitude once won.

And so it was throughout the Northern land, with birds and beasts and men. It was at this time that the owl was blinded, for being so arrogant that he lost the

power of seeing except in darkest night. It was at this time that the little skunk was given the odor which is his powerful protection. He used to have long claws, but he gave them as an offering to the messenger from Ilahee. And the robin red-breast won that color on his throat by a deed of grateful valor. He picked his flesh until it bled, offering the running drops of blood as a proof of his love and gratitude. The messenger of cheerful giving healed the wound with a touch, and the lovely crimson color still bears witness to his courage.

But the human beings of the earth—ah, they who had been given so much were the last to be grateful. They listened eagerly to the evil words of the demon Ka-ke-heete, and cold and dark were the faces they turned on the messengers from Ilahee.

“Our life is very hard,” they said. “We struggle from dawn till dark only to feed ourselves and give our children shelter. What have we to give the great Saghalie, he who sits so warmly in Ilahee where burns the forbidden fire? He will not give us so much as an ember with which to comfort our shivering bodies. Do we owe anything to such a far-off Tyee?”

And so at last the messengers went back across the bridge that spanned the river, past the old, old woman, Loo-wit, and journeyed back to Ilahee.

Many things did the messengers of cheerful giving

tell the great Sky Father. And alternately he smiled and wept as they related the strength and weakness of his children. When he wept, dark clouds swept down across the skies, and the rain fell in great gushing torrents. But when he smiled, the curving of his lips was reflected upon the roof of the world. It still may be seen today, when the good Saghalie is happy. The white men call it a rainbow. The red men call it "*Wen-at-ch-ee*."

"*Ah-hi-ya!*" cried Ka-ke-heete in triumph when the messengers had returned to Ilahee. "The foolish Tyee weeps! He finds that leaves are fragile things to use for human beings!"

Then swiftly he sped to the old, old woman Loo-wit, who watched eternally and ceaselessly the sacred flame that burned upon the Bridge of the Gods.

"For many ages," he said to her, "you have served the great Saghalie. And what is your reward for all your faithful toil? You are old and ugly; you are kept eternally alone to watch a useless fire that will never be given to humanity. Look about you! See the fair women of the tribes of Mul-tno-mah, of Kli-ki-tat and of Wa-yees! Why should you not be as beautiful as they? Surely the great Sky Chief owes you this little kindness in return for all your faithfulness!"

Old Loo-wit, the Watcher, stared at him with sunken, weary eyes.

"Begone, you evil prattler," she hissed at him, showing her withered, toothless gums.

Ka-ke-heete left her with a mocking laugh. For he knew that his words would sink into her heart, as a stone sinks deeply and quickly into still, black water.

Ah, the evil cunning of the demon Ka-ke-heete! He had touched the one vulnerable spot in the heart of Loo-wit, the Watcher; he had blown upon the flame of vanity that lurks in the soul of every woman, be she ever so old and wise.

He returned many times to the Bridge of the Gods. He pecked with his cunning words at the embittered heart of Loo-wit. He mocked her that she of all the women of the world should be so harsh of feature. At last she cursed him and began to weep. Then she laid a magic spell upon the sacred fire, so that none should come near it, and she journeyed forth to Ilahee to ask a boon of the Creator.

"A wish?" he echoed her words, as there she stood, old, and bent, and wrinkled, before him. "Faithfully hast thou served me. Ask me anything thy heart desires. I will grant it willingly, and at once."

The old, old woman Loo-wit lifted up her age-old, wrinkled face. "Give me youth and beauty," she whispered; "that is all that I desire."

The great Saghalie hesitated. In his heart he feared to grant the boon. All his wisdom urged against the

thing. For he dimly saw the outcome. But his word, the word of a Tyee, had been given.

"So be it," he said sadly. "Go back to your fire upon the bridge, blow upon the smoldering embers, and, when the red light fans your face, youth and beauty will come into it. But take care, Loo-wit, the Watcher, that this gift does not bring ruin close behind it. Guard the beauty that shall be thine as you have tended the sacred fire. Let it not become a thing of evil, for there is enough evil in the world already."

And so it came to pass, even as the Saghalie had promised. When Loo-wit, the Watcher, blew her breath upon the sacred embers, they flared up in a living, rejuvenating flame about her. The red glare was all about her! It enveloped her! It burned into her flesh and singed the straggling gray hairs about her face. She cried out with the pain and threw her hands up to her eyes. Then, lo, the pain was all forgotten. For her hands, once so brown and shriveled, were the color of water-lilies that dream in the sun. Swiftly she ran down to the river's bank, where a quiet eddy made a mirror against the shore. Swiftly she bent down to catch her reflection in the still water. Two braids of hair, glossy black as a crow's jetty wing, fell over her shoulders and dipped into the amber pool. A face fairer than the face of the moon goddess looked up at her. Eyes that were like the eyes of a deer, a

mouth that was red as a chieftain's feather. Gloriously, wonderfully beautiful was Loo-wit, the Watcher. She arose with a cry of ecstasy, stretched her white arms high above her head.

"I am young! I am beautiful!" she chanted over and over, and danced a mad, whirling dance upon the bank of the mighty river.

It was while she was dancing thus that Mul-tno-mah, chieftain of the South, saw the maiden. And his heart stopped within his breast, then pounded madly, for never before had he seen a maiden of such wondrous, breath-taking beauty.

He followed her when she went, with light and lilting steps, back to the sacred fire that burned upon the Bridge of the Gods. But when he stood before her, laying at her feet a gift of colored shells, she looked upon him coldly, unmoved by his devotion. Youth and beauty had Loo-wit, the Watcher. But her heart was old, older than the world itself. She had not asked for youth of heart. And so there was in her heart no answering warmth to the passion of the warrior, Mul-tno-mah.

Her coldness but made the flame of his desire leap higher within his breast. He left her, vowing to return and to win her for his wife.

Then indeed did the demon Ka-ke-heete make the skies grow dark with the violence of his evil laughter.

His long tail slashed across the tops of the mountains and made the whole earth tremble.

"Faith is killed, and wisdom!" he shouted. "Friendship shall go next, and then—destruction! I shall rule the world! I shall overthrow the great Saghalie himself!"

Now swiftly went the news about the northern land that a maiden, fairer than a dream of Ilahee, dwelt upon the Bridge of the Gods and tended the sacred fire, in place of the hideous old woman who once had crouched beside it. They came from the east and the west, the north and the south, not to seek for wisdom, but to babble foolish compliments and to lay their offerings at her feet. The warriors came, and the hunters, the carvers of totem-poles, and the makers of canoes. They came like dazzled moths that are blinded by too much light and beauty. They quarreled fiercely for the favors of the wondrous maiden who kept the sacred fire. But upon all of them Loo-wit looked with cold, unkindled eyes, for in her heart she was very, very old.

Ka-ke-heete knew the time was ripe for the monstrous thing he had planned. Skilfully he fanned the flame of hatred and jealousy in the hearts of the Saghalie's sons. Well he knew that all three of them were deep in love with Loo-wit. Mul-tno-mah, the warrior, brought her the captured clubs of enemies he had slain; Wa-yees, the poet, sang songs about her loveliness, and

Kli-ki-tat, the maker of totems, the builder of lodges and *canims*, laid at her feet the most beautiful things his skilful hands could carve.

Cunningly the evil demon Tyee made havoc in the hearts of the three brethren.

"A test, a test!" he whispered to each of them. "Make the maiden declare for one of you; see which one it is she will favor. She is not really so cold; she only plays upon your love to increase your hot desire. Go boldly; demand from her an answer. Go in all the strength of your chieftainship. Take your warriors with you, make a brave showing. So that the heart of the fire maiden will be burned with some of the warmth she guards so carefully!"

They listened to his evil words. By day and by night the thoughts burrowed deep into their minds, as moles dig in the earth and make long ugly ridges.

And so it was that on a day of windy grayness, when the waters of the broad river leaped up like snarling dogs against the great stone bulwarks of the bridge, and the tall pines and fir trees moaned and shook in the sweeping blast, Loo-wit, the Watcher, huddled close against the blowing fire, saw the painted skin-clad tribes coming from the north, and south, and west. She saw the warriors of Mul-tno-mah, with their shields of plaited reeds. She saw the men of Kli-ki-tat in their high-prowed cedar *canims*. She saw the com-

ing of Wa-yees, with his *tah-ma-na-wis* men dancing strange and potent dances. Confused, bewildered, she stood upon the gateway of stone and wondered at the mighty assembling of the tribes.

Straight to her upon the bridge came the three sons of the Saghalie. Tall and powerful and full of determination, they stood before her, glaring fiercely at each other.

"Maiden of the sacred fire," said Mul-tno-mah, the warrior, "I have come with my tribe to take you to the South, where you shall dwell among my people and be honored as my wife."

"Your wife?" cried Wa-yees, the impetuous, the maker of verses. "Not so! She shall belong to me, and to no other. She shall live with me in the land of the sleepy sun!"

"Never, never!" shouted Kli-ki-tat, angry and defiant. "This maiden shall be mine and dwell with me in the land that lies to the north!"

And so they shouted at each other, and shook their copper knives, while Loo-wit looked upon them with somber, frightened eyes, and the tribes grew restive and began to call out insults to one another.

It was Mul-tno-mah, the warrior, who struck the first blow. He brought his great club crashing down upon the head of Wa-yees, who screamed aloud and fell upon his face. His hands clutched at the reddened moss.

Then a madness came on all the assembled tribes. They flung themselves at each other's throats. They clambered shrieking up along the mighty causeway of the bridge of stone, smiting and slaying, their copper knives dripping red with blood, their locked bodies sweating through the paint.

Now the thunder rolled in deep and menacing tones across the sodden vault of the sky. Dark, dark, became the world, lighted only by the blowing, lurid flame upon the Bridge of the Gods, where men fought in hate and wanton rage, screaming and tearing at each other like beasts, and the waters of the river ran red with blood.

Up to Ilahee sped the demon Ka-ke-heete. It was his moment of triumph. He cast off his fair words, and all pretense of friendliness.

"Look!" he cried to the startled Doak-a-batl. "Look upon your work and see what has become of it! See how they are at each other's throats—and all for the sake of a hag who is older than time itself! See how she stands, frightened and witless, all her wisdom gone from her, her very beauty a curse that has stolen her reason. See how the sacred fire lights up the madness of your children. Your sons have slain each other! The tribes are mad with the lust of blood! And the fire, the sacred fire, that was to warm the lodges of your people, serves them only as a light to see to kill each other!"

Doak-a-batl leaned down from the western wall of Ilahee. He gave a great cry—a cry so broken-hearted and far-reaching that even the panting, ferocious braves paused startled in their fighting. Down from the sky he sped on the back of the giant Thunder-bird. Like a red stone from the roof of the world he dropped down upon the bridge.

“Ungrateful! Ungrateful!” he cried out to them, shaking his mighty arms. “I have given you so much! You have torn my gifts apart! This bridge that I created to bind you close together forever, I will destroy it! It is but a gateway for evil!

“I have given you all my precious gifts—all but the gift of fire. Take it now for your scourge and your destruction! You who could not learn from goodness shall learn through pain and terror!”

He stamped in fury upon the bridge, and the great rocks broke asunder. Down went the struggling hordes into the snarling, hissing waters. Down went the age-old maiden, Loo-wit, beating the air with her lovely arms.

“Fire! Take your fire!” he cried out in frenzy, and caught it up in his hands. He flung it to the south and north; to the east and west he flung it. The flames were borne along on the wind; they caught at the dry, shrinking pine trees. They wrapped the woods in a mantle of red; they leaped up against the sky.

Wailing and sobbing the people fled; they fled from the Tyee's anger. And the flames fled after them, devouring their lodges, smiting down their painted totem-poles, licking up their carved *canims*.

"Destruction! Destruction!" Loud chanted the demon.

But he counted on a triumph that was not to be his. For terrible in his wrath the great Saghalie confronted him. Even the bold Ka-ke-heete shrank away from the red-glowing rage that shone from his eyes.

"Destruction—truly!" cried the great Doak-a-batl. "Destruction for thee . . . thou thing of evil and lies!"

He reached out his arm to slay the demon. But Ka-ke-heete with a cry of terror evaded that powerful, clutching hand and sped off across the broken bridge.

Doak-a-batl, the mighty, lifted up a giant boulder. He hurled it at the demon, who screamed for his evil followers.

They came in great rushing hordes of blackness, their tails cracking like whips through the dreadful woe-filled night.

Doak-a-batl cried aloud for the spirits of Ilahee. And they came down swift and shining, like an army of snow-white eagles.

Oh, great was that battle of good and evil. The world was filled with the noise and clamor. The Bridge

of the Gods, with its proud, lofty arches, was riven apart and hurled into the waters.

Doak-a-batl, the mighty, threw himself upon Ka-ke-heete. And the evil demon fled, with the avenging Saghalie close behind him. Wherever the demon Tyee's footsteps fell, great thundering falls gushed out, and the rocks cracked apart. For thus thought the demon to evade the vengeance of Doak-a-batl. But closer and closer came the raging Saghalie Tyee.

Again the fleeing Ka-ke-heete struck the ground, and the earth cracked even to the distant mountains. Through it the waters came pouring, and the crack made there is now the place they call "The Dalles."

Once more the great Saghalie stretched out his hands. This time the demon Tyee did not escape that avenging clutch. He screamed and fought and wriggled, but the Saghalie held him grimly, tightly, and strode back to where the Bridge of the Gods had spanned the mighty river.

With the capture of their chief, the evil demons were afraid. They tried to slink away into the shadows, or crept whimpering to the great Saghalie's feet. But he looked upon them with stern, unyielding eyes.

"Learn that evil cannot triumph over goodness," he said to them. "You who were so strong shall be weak. You who hunted shall be preyed upon for food. You

shall know what it is to suffer as I have suffered, striving ceaselessly for that which is unattainable. You shall strive and shall reach your goal only to die. I have spoken! I, the Saghalie Tyee, have said it!"

Then he hurled Ka-ke-heete into the water far below. The demon's shrill cry of anguish was checked in mid-air. For suddenly he was a demon no longer, but a slender, shining fish. The other demons cried out for mercy. But they, too, were silenced and were naught but a pile of wriggling, gasping salmon lying upon the rocks.

So it is to this day that the Indians hunt the salmon in the streams with nets and spears. And that is why the salmon swim upstream, battling against the cruel currents, being borne back by waterfalls and whirlpools, but struggling, always struggling, to reach some futile goal. And when their eggs are laid, they die. Their long, listless bodies float downstream, their dead eyes staring in somber mockery at the living silver hordes, pushing, struggling, battling, swimming against the current in a frenzied haste to reach the goal of death.

Sad indeed was the world on which the good Saghalie looked down. Blackened by the ravaging fire, strewn with giant boulders, rent asunder, warped out of shape. Doak-a-batl, the mighty, wept for his sons. And his tears sprang up as flowers.

But the people came creeping forth, those who had been spared from his wrath. They gathered red embers from the smoking trees; they built fires and huddled gratefully about the warmth. They sent their *tah-na-na-wis* men to dance the dance of peace. They lifted their arms to the sky and called upon the great Saghalie's name.

He heard their prayers, the chanting of the medicine-men, the cries of the stricken people. His heart grew tender within him, and he said:

"I shall build anew. Let them keep the gift of fire; they have earned it through sorrow and suffering. The trees shall grow again, and the cracks of the earth be sealed. But one thing shall be left as it is—the gateway of stone that I made for my children. Always, when they look upon it, will the memory of their ingratitude rise up in their hearts. They will know that the Tyee of the skies can give, and that he can destroy. They will love me the better for fearing me a little. My frown shall abide in the thunder. But my smile shall be set in the rainbow."

This was the story that Twana Tyee told me in the month of falling leaves. All about us the maple leaves were drifting, shyly and silently, like little golden maidens coming timidly to a dance. They glided down upon the ruffled waters of the boisterous stream that swung them in a gay quadrille, turned them and whirled

them, set them to curtsying frantically, and bore them off triumphantly to some secluded pool tucked in against the bank.

But the pines and fir trees, the graceful spruce trees and the cedars, drew away from the carnival of gaiety, looking on with gloomy, disapproving faces.

"Them always sad when falling-leaf time comes," repeated Twana Tyee.

He told me that many things are left to commemorate the vengeance of Saghalie. There are stone trees deep down in the waters of the Columbia River, that once made green and beautiful the mighty bridge of stone.

As for the sons of the great Saghalie, who lost their lives because of evil counsels, Doak-a-batl deemed it fitting that each should have an everlasting form. The eldest son, the dearest to his heart, Mul-tno-mah, he changed into the rushing waterfall that even now bears his name. He changed Wa-yees into the mountain that the white men call Mount Hood. Kli-ki-tat became Mount Adams. And to Loo-wit, the watcher of the fire, he gave the gift of eternal beauty. The white men call the snow-crowned peak Mount Saint Helena. But the red men know it by the ancient tribal name. Sometimes, say the Indians, when comes the time of melting snow, a woman's face can be seen on one of the lower slopes. It is a face of surpassing

loveliness, but the eyes are downcast in sorrow. It is Loo-wit, she who watched the fire, and exchanged her wisdom for beauty. Never again will she tend the fire on the gateway built of stone. For the Bridge of the Gods is destroyed forever; shattered forever, Ungrateful Gate.

The White Totem

IT was a night of wind and rain and gusty blackness. The driftwood fires burned high along the wet and sodden beach, disgorging clouds of sparks that spat defiance at the slanting raindrops, and writhed in the twisting arms of the wind. Within the cedar-bark lodges huddled women and children of the tribe of Tsu-suc-cub. But the warriors waited outside in the driving wind and rain. Some of the older men were wrapped in capes of cedar bark and wore high conical hats of closely braided reeds. But the younger braves of the tribe and all the *tah-ma-na-wis* men exposed themselves relentlessly to the storming of the night. They flung great branches of fir and pine on the wind-swept, blowing fires. They chanted steadily, shaking their drums adorned with deer hoofs, and swinging their shark-tooth rattles.

Eight days ago the young chief, Kit-sap, had said unto his people:

"The great Saghalié calls me to go into the forest. There is something which he would tell me, something I must learn. No food or water will I touch to my

mouth until this message comes to me. I shall draw the signs of earth and air, I shall listen to the coyote's howling. I shall listen for what the owl will tell me, and the speech of the talking pine-trees. When my mind is blank and empty, then will the great Saghalie draw a picture on it as one makes a picture in the sand. Upon the eighth night I shall come back. Be ready then to receive the message from the Hyas Tyee."

And so they awaited the coming of Kit-sap Tyee. For although he was very young, still his *tah-ma-na-wis*, or spirit help, was very strong. Not only was he a Tyee, a chieftain among his people; he was also a *mid-win-ee*, which is to say, one of the initiated medicine-men. Great indeed had been the secret ceremony by which he won his right to talk with spirits and to become a *tah-ma-na-wis* man. He had danced the mad dance of the Klu-kwallie, while the women pounded ceaselessly upon the deer-skin drums. He had struck himself with sharpened stones until the blood ran down in streams from his lacerated arms and shoulders. He had let them carry him and hold him rigid over the fire. But never had he cried out, and there was no smell of burning flesh. His *tah-ma-na-wis*, or spirit help, was very strong. And at the rising of the second day's sun, there was no mark or scar on his slim brown body. Thus it was that Kit-sap became a *mid-win-ee*.

His word was law throughout the tribe of Tsu-suc-cub. And so it was that in the midst of rain and wind and cold and gusty darkness, his people waited for his coming and the message that he should bring them.

Higher flared the fires where the *tah-ma-na-wis* men were dancing. Their painted wolf masks dripped, and the sodden feathers lay flattened against the wooden cheeks. They shook their shark-tooth rattles and lifted high their carved *tah-ma-na-wis* sticks. For out of the rainy shadows Kit-sap Tyee came slowly walking.

Unclothed save for a narrow girdle from which his knife-case swung, no feathers in his hair, no paint on his face, he moved as one in a dream. In his hand he held a carven shaft, as thick as a man's arm, and well-nigh as long. Slowly he came toward the blowing fire, and the women ran out with their long hair flying.

His eyes were sunken deeply; they stared as if he still looked upon unseen things. The pole he held rigidly before him. He made a gesture of command, and a *mid-win-ee* took it. Then he sighed and turned toward his cedar-bark lodge, where the totem of his tribe reared its painted raven head.

He said to his wife, "My blankets!" and fell forward on his face.

Almost fearfully the *tah-ma-na-wis* men examined

the carvings of the totem. They brought it close beside the flames that lighted up the length of it. A face was at its top, and below, a broken arrow. There was a sign of the setting sun, and a circle which means oblivion. The symbols had been stained with alder sap and yellow lichens; all of them were colored save the white face at the top.

"A totem of a white face," said the *tah-ma-na-wis* men among themselves. "Surely that can have no meaning, for there never was a man whose face was thus uncolored!"

When the chieftain Kit-sap awoke from long hours of sleeping, they questioned him as to the meaning of the totem he had carved. But he shook his head in sorrow. The meaning had come—and gone. In a trance the story had been told him, and he had put it upon the totem. But now that he had taken food and drink, now that he had slept and spoken to a woman, the spirit power had gone out of him. He could not read the totem.

It was at this time that news came of the great potlatch which Sealth, Tyee of the Sa-ma-mish tribes, would give in honor of the birth of a son, Se-at-a-li. To all the tribes that dwelt along the shores of the Great Water went the messengers in their high-prowed cedar canims, which were carved with symbols of birds and beasts, adorned with eyes that mean spirit,

and with teeth, which mean physical power. Everywhere they were received with honor and given the mat farthest from the door on which to sleep. For Chief Sealth was a Tyee of power among the Northern nations. He was second in greatness only to Kit-sap, chief of the Tsu-suc-cubs. It was well known that he would make a mighty potlatch, or feast, that the beach would be white with the shells of many clams, and that he would impoverish himself by giving away skins and strings of shells and disks of green-red copper.

A man of great physical power was the Tyee of Sa-ma-mish. He could pierce the side of the stoutest war canoe with one of his mighty arrows. He was looked upon with fear by those fierce Northern tribes from Al-ey-ak-sa, who swooped down on the coast and carried off the dwellers of the land into slavery. It was Chief Sealth who, with the aid of the powerful Kit-sap, had driven back those invaders of the Far North and put an end to slave-making raids of the brutal Haidahs and the Nootkahs.

And now that a son had been born to him, the tribes of the Great Water came to rejoice with him. They came in their largest canims. For it was the boast of Chief Sealth that every carven canoe would be pressed down to the water's edge by the many gifts that would be taken away.

Very great indeed was the potlatch of Chief Sealth. For miles away could be seen the flaming of the fires upon the beaches: The canoes lay as thick as drift-wood upon the sloping, graveled beach, and the shore was white with the broken shells of clams and succulent mussels. In the great communal house guarded by the totem of the Thunder-bird, Chief Sealth received his guests with ceremonious dignity, giving each a place upon a mat in accordance with his prowess and importance. To Kit-sap Tyee he gave the seat of honor. And he himself held the great horn spoon, filled with berries dipped in fish oil, to the lips of his friend and ally.

The lodge was smoky, for the fire in the center of the room rose up to seek a single opening in the roof. The rafters were black with soot. From the corners of the communal room carved totems stared blankly with eyes that had been fashioned from pearl shells, and grinned with teeth of bear and mountain-lion. The medicine-men danced the dance of the red *tah-ma-na-wis*, which brings good luck and health. The women sat far back in the shadows, beating the ceremonial drums, chanting the ancient words of the dance ritual, their bodies swaying with the rhythm of the dancing and the singing.

In the midst of the singing and the dancing, Kit-sap Tyee arose suddenly and stood with blank and staring

eyes. The *tah-ma-na-wis* men checked their wild gyrations; the drums were silenced in the hands of the swaying women. All eyes were upon Kit-sap, waiting for the word that should come from his tightly stretched lips. For they knew that a spirit spoke to his inner mind with the voice of truth and prophecy.

"Ai!" he cried aloud, as if the inner spirit smote hard upon his body. "Ai! there sweeps over me a wave of darkness. The wave parts—behind it I see a face, a *white face*, such as never have I seen or have my brethren seen. There are other white faces—many, many of them! More than the shells upon the beach or the needles of the pine trees. The white faces crowd upon me! They drive me on into that wave of darkness!"

Rigid he stood, and trembling, while the chieftains looked into each other's faces and found reflected their own wonderment and fear. The fire leaped up in eddying circles of light and shadow, and the red glow fell upon the drawn and swarthy face of Kit-sap Tyee, who was staring with blank, unliving eyes at the thing that tortured his mind.

"Ai!" he cried out again, and the women huddled together in terror. "I see many funeral fires upon the beach! I see the burning of blankets and hiaqua shells! I see the night sky made red as if by a fierce, hot dawn!"

Again he was silent, and no sound was heard in the smoky lodge save the sibilant lifting of the flames. When he spoke again his twisted lips relaxed somewhat. Resignation smoothed some of the terror and the torture from his tranced and rigid face.

"A man child has been born into this lodge," he said slowly and softly. "It is good. His *tah-ma-na-wis* shall be strong; he shall see with far-reaching eyes. He shall know the full meaning of this mind picture which my lips describe, but which my heart knows not the reason of. The tribes shall fall away from him as snow melts upon a warm blanket. Yet he shall find honor among other people, and his name shall live beyond the living of his children, or his children's children. Some great thing is close upon us. The white face sweeps down on me from the north. The coming of it will mark the beginning of the darkness. The darkness will swallow us up. All but this child, Se-at-a-li."

Then he foamed at the mouth and cried out as if in pain. He fell upon his face before the fire, and they covered him gently with blankets made of fur.

"What is the meaning of the thing that he has told us?" they questioned each other in low voices. "This white face—what is it? Surely there is no man or woman in all the land who lacks the red blood that gives us the coloring of our bodies. Perhaps he saw

a spirit face. The moon woman's face is white, they say, those who have been unlucky enough to see her; and the *skal-al-a-toots*, those evil, unseen dwellers of the woods, their faces are white, too, and green, and blue. Is it a spirit face he speaks of?"

But no one could answer the question.

Now, the boy Se-at-a-li grew out of his babyhood, strong of body and winning of face. While he was yet very small he learned the use of the arrow and the skill of the paddle. He could spear a salmon cleanly from a great height. He could run a great distance without stopping to draw breath, and in the games of skill the children played upon the beach he was easily the leader of them all.

In many things the chieftain Kit-sap was his teacher. He knew in his heart that to the boy Se-at-a-li should come the full meaning of the vision whose significance had been denied to him. He spent many days at the communal lodge of the Tyee of Sa-ma-mish and kept the child with him, speaking always of the glorious deeds he was to do.

In but one thing the child Se-at-a-li gave disappointment to those who looked upon him as their future chief and leader. He did not wish to see the slaves killed when a totem-pole was erected. And when the war canoes came back victorious from battles

with the Northern tribes, he would run into the woods and bury his face in the moss, for he did not wish to look upon that terrible line of disheveled women and weeping children who were dragged ruthlessly by their bound hands over the cruel scratching of the shell-covered beach.

"The boy is soft of heart," they said of him wonderingly.

But his father Sealth and Kit-sap Tyee found excuse for him.

"His spirit *tah-ma-na-wis* does not wish his eyes to look on pain," they said. "If he can not endure to see the suffering of others, at least he himself is capable of enduring great pain. He did not cry out when he was all but crushed by the falling tree; he has gone cheerfully to cut the ice and bathe his body in the winter-time; and he has let himself be lashed with willow switches until the blood ran down upon his shoulders."

"But," said the others of the tribe, "if this boy becomes a Tyee and his heart turns thus from the taking of slaves, the glory of our tribes will be diminished, and who will there be to save our hands from work?"

Kit-sap Tyee gazed upon them with that look of prophecy which they had come to know.

"The sun wakes in the white sky," he said, "and

goes to sleep where the sky is red; yet every day is not like the day it left behind. There are changes always; some years the salmon do not come to spawn in the stream of the many willows; the totem-poles grow old; they fall down before the wind and new ones must be carved. The time may come, and soon, when we shall take no slaves; when work will be done in a different way. Perhaps this softness of heart you cry out against is the dream of this change which the boy Se-at-a-li sees with his spirit eyes."

There came a day when the white fog fell heavily upon the wooded hills and the dull green waters of the bay. It shut out the world beyond and made a world of its own, encased in vaporous walls that rolled away with the wind, uncovering a tiny patch of sky, only to sweep back upon the blueness and crowd more closely down upon the earth, a cold, white blanket that had no warmth in its damp, insistent pressure.

Few of the red men were abroad that day, for the air struck chill into even their sturdy bodies. Besides, there was food in plenty; the fishing had been good; there were many salmon eggs laid out to dry on the spruce boughs on the beach; much fish oil was stored in bottles made of kelp; many baskets of berries were piled within the lodges. It was pleasant on such a day as this to sit before the crackling fire; to tell stories of the Syah-an-cu-ti, which is the time of very long ago;

to play the game of the peeled sticks and to watch the children tumbling over each other on the floor.

But Kit-sap Tyee and the child Se-at-a-li walked through the dripping forest. They went toward the high bluff that overlooked the narrow passage where the bays and inlets of the great water opened into the greater waters beyond; the high and rocky bluff that was black with many burned-out fires, for here it was that the Southern tribes kept vigilant watch upon that narrow passage that led up to the North, that narrow passage through which in former times had come the war canoes of the fierce Haidahs and the Nootkas, with their red-painted faces, looking for slaves that might be taken to that far land of Al-ey-ak-sa.

As they walked, Kit-sap Tyee named the birds who flew silently from bough to bough as if they, too, were depressed by the damp and foggy day.

"Some day soon," said Kit-sap Tyee, "you will come out into the woods to make your preparation for manhood. For many days you will go without food and drink and without allowing your eyes to droop in sleep. It is then that the great Saghalie will speak to you. You will learn what is good and what is evil, and when you look upon the world with conscious eyes once more, the first living thing you see will be your totem. That living thing you must never hurt nor kill, be it bird, or fish, or animal.

"Yes, even if it be Wah-wah-hoo, the frog, or Takah the mosquito who eats blood. For your totem will be your guide in life and will speak wisely to you when you are in need of advice."

"Perhaps Yealth, the raven, will be your totem; that will be very good, for he is the bringer of fire. It is he who carried the children of the world up to the sky on his back when there was a flood on earth, so that they should be saved and start the world going again.

"Perhaps it will be Ki-Ki, the blue-jay, and that will be good, too, for Ki-Ki knows everything that happens in the world, and he will report it wisely and truly to the one who has him for a totem. Only there is one day in the cycle of the moon's waning when neither you nor anyone else will see Ki-ki, the blue-jay; that is because he has gone to report the happenings of the world to his master, the Chief of the Demons. That is why there is mischief in the land and evil and jealousy in men's hearts, for after Ki-Ki has told the demon Tyee what is happening, the demon Tyee knows just what to do. Nevertheless, Ki-Ki is a very wise bird and is good to have for a totem."

Thus talking, they stood and overlooked the water from which the sullen blanket of white was lifting. The sun was struggling with the white swaying wall of mist, and the fog at the top of the sky was growing thin from the steady piercing of the sunlight. But

still the white cloud clung heavily to the earth. Across the narrow straits the tall fir trees pushed up their bristling branches through it like arrows pushing up through a blanket of feathers. A little breeze had come down from the north and was gently parting the white, rolling curtain before it. Soon the fog would be lifted.

Then it was that Kip-sap Tyee, looking toward the north, gave a hoarse cry of wonderment. And the child Se-at-a-li stared with round, ever-widening eyes at the thing which was disclosed by the drifting of the mist.

"Wings! Wings!" cried Kit-sap Tyee. "I have seen them in my dreams! Great white wings coming down out of the north, great white wings that sweep down from the sky!"

Great wings they seemed indeed to the watchers on the high rocky bluff. Yet never were wings of bird so wide spread as those ghostly pinions that reared themselves out of the mist, nearer, and ever nearer, over the waters that led to the north.

"It is the Thunder-bird," whispered the child Se-at-a-li moving closer to the side of his friend.

"The Thunder-bird is black and comes with a roar of clapping wings," answered Kit-sap Tyee in a voice that was strained with awe and bewilderment. "This bird is white and has many wings. It is no bird of

earth that we are looking upon, son of Sealth; it is a spirit bird from Illahee who comes to visit the dwellers of earth. We are looking upon great things, you and I. The meaning of this ghost bird is not yet clear in my heart. But it is very close—I hear the voice of my *tah-ma-na-wis* against my ears. Come, we must hasten back and give the tribes warning of this many-winged bird from the north. If it is a spirit bird, we must receive it with all honor. We must strew the water with pieces of salmon, and the *tah-ma-na-wis* men must make their dance of welcome.”

The child Se-at-a-li still stood gazing over the water at the white wings growing larger through the mist. “And if this bird be an enemy?” he asked, closing his small hands about his flint-tipped spear.

Kit-sap Tyee threw up his head. His eyes closed, and he shuddered. “Son of Sealth,” he said slowly, “the spirit bird may be indeed an enemy. But neither your spear nor all the arrows of our people can prevail against it. Something is coming upon us—something, I know not what—that will sweep us away into the darkness. He who bends to the storm will survive it. He who blows his breath against it will perish in its passing.”

George Vancouver stood on the weather-beaten deck of the Discoverer and watched the anchor drop creak-

ingly into the still waters of the little harbor into which he had come. As if the splash of the anchor had been a signal, a host of lean black canoes, high-prowed and weirdly carved, slipped out of a hidden cove and, with paddles moving rhythmically, came crowding out toward the gently rocking vessel.

A gunner stood with flint-box held close to the breach of the yawning cannon on the stern.

"Shall I fire upon them, sir," he asked nervously, "or send a shot into yon woods to give them a fright?"

Vancouver shook his head. He was watching narrowly the oncoming canoes that moved together like a flock of black ducks.

"They come in peace," he answered. "They are casting fish into the water as an offering to us. Let us have no trouble unless the savages plague us unduly. Our powder is scarce enough, God knows, and we are far from a Christian land where we may obtain more.

"Giles," he called to a heavily bearded man who stood hard by the taffrail, "bring out the gewgaws that are left from bartering with the Nootkas. Bring out beads and knives and bars of iron. If there be aught of gaudy cloth, bring it also."

"I'd liefer give the filthy savages a gift of iron bullets," the man grumbled as he went below to do the captain's bidding.

Closer came the long black canims with the pointed

paddles lifting and falling as one. Then at a signal they dipped into the water, pushed backward, and the flotilla came to a sudden and irregular halt.

Chief Sealth stood up in the stern of his painted war canoe, and the long canim of Kit-sap Tyee came close beside him. Both men were gazing with fixed attention at the great pot-bellied ship with its white wings now furled like a weary bird come to rest.

"Dare we go nearer," Sealth questioned, "until our medicine-men have made a spell for our protection? This monster is surely alive, and even our offerings of fish may not please it."

"There are men—or spirits—moving about on the back of the Thing," cried out a chieftain from a nearby canim. "Do not look at them too closely; their gaze may fill us up with demons!"

But Kit-sap Tyee lifted his hand. "My *tah-ma-na-wis* tells me to have no fear," he said boldly. "I shall approach this monster alone. You can follow when you are assured that no harm has come to me."

He signed to the men of his canim. They bent as one, and the short paddles dipped like black knives into the calmness of the water. The long canoe leaped like an agile seal and sped straight across the waters to the nodding, anchored bird from the north.

It was when they were under the very lee of the great vessel that Kit-sap Tyee looked up to see the

row of faces staring down at him from the gunwale of the ship. The cry he gave brought the paddles dripping from the water, and every man seized his agate-tipped arrows and his spear. But when they looked upon Kit-sap Tyee's face, they knew it was not fear of danger that made him cry out.

"*The white face!*" he cried, throwing up his long, brown arm. "The white face that comes from the north! It is here! Look, they all have white faces! It is my dream that spoke truly to my heart. My *tah-ma-na-wis* told me the truth! Be not afraid, men of Tsu-suc-cub, there is no harm here. Put down your arrows and your spears; no drop of blood shall be shed in anger."

The men on the ship let down a long rope ladder at the command of their captain. The red men hung back, fearing to touch it. But Kit-sap Tyee leaned forward and caught it in his hands. Without a backward glance he swung himself upon it. And the men of his tribe, seeing their Tyee unafraid, reluctantly mounted after him and stood presently upon the deck, gazing in trembling awe at the men with white, bearded faces, whose eyes were the color of summer waters.

The two chieftains of two races looked into each other's faces, and each saw there the pride of lineage and a heritage of dignity; the Englishman, in his

tight-fitting red coat with its tarnished golden epaulets, and the Tyee of a great northwestern tribe, wrapped in his robe of woven goat hair and cedar bark.

"This savage hath something of nobility about him," George Vancouver said to his lieutenant.

"The white-faced man has good *tah-ma-na-wis* in his heart," thus spoke Kit-sap Tyee to the men of the tribe of Tsu-suc-cub.

Thus the dream of Kit-sap Tyee came true. Thus the white face came down from the north.

There were years that followed after this great happening when the white men became all but a legend in the tribes of the Northern red men. Then slowly there came the invasion of the white faces. Disquieting rumors spread from the tribes whose homes were east of the great mountains. The white man had come upon them and had taken their land to use as he saw fit.

It was then that the allied tribes came together in solemn council at Suquamish, the Old Man House, so named from the gigantic communal lodge that was the largest in all the country of the Great Waters. The old chieftain, Sealh, and Kit-sap Tyee held as always the places of honor. There was much smoking of *chinoose* (tobacco), and many impassioned speeches. Many of the tribal chiefs were of the opinion that the

white men should be driven from the country while their numbers were few. Sealth himself argued in this wise, and his words fell heavily upon the hearts of his listeners:

"The time to check a forest fire is when the first spark falls on the dried leaves. Then a skinful of water will put out the flame. But not all the tribes of the Great Waters could stop the coming of the fire when once it has gained power. These white people of a strange race are not of us. Their hearts look upon us with scorn; they carry themselves like chieftains. They say, 'This is mine, and that is mine.' They push us aside as if we were slaves. They are few now; we are many. One stamp of our feet, and they will be crushed like ants. But they come fast—they come in ever-increasing power. Their medicine is strong; their weapons have more death in them than ours. To wait is to perish. I have spoken."

A murmur of many tongues voiced assent to his argument. But Kit-sap Tyee arose and spoke in a different vein.

"The willow tree bends itself before the wind that comes with the storm. Therefore it lives on and multiplies quickly. The proud pine tree sings a war-song when the storm wind blows, and the storm strikes it down because of its arrogance. Brothers, the white men have come. Their coming was to be. I saw it

in a dream long years ago, and in a dream I carved a totem with the story of their coming. Nothing can change what is to be. Our weapons are like the brittle reed arrows children play with. Our *tah-ma-na-wis* is weak beside the medicine which they have brought with them from the east. Therefore let us make them welcome. So that the great Saghalie will see that we are as obedient children; that we took his words into our hearts and gave them shelter. Then he will be pleased with us. The salmon will run in silver waves, the bushes will bend to the ground with camas berries, and many hiaqua shells will be found under the green water."

There were many who gave assent to his words, and the initiated medicine-men, the *mid-win-ees*, cried out that he spoke truly, for the words had come from the guiding of his spirit *tah-ma-na-wis*.

The clamor grew into discord. Words became like arrows with barbed points. Faces grew black with anger, and voices rose loud in wrath.

It was Kit-sap Tyee who spoke once more, lifting his hands for stillness. "Let us not raise the knife against each other," he cried out. "That would indeed bring down on us the punishment of the great Hyas Saghalie. Let us agree that a sign will come to us and that we shall obey its meaning. The son of Sealth has gone into the deep forest to purify himself

for manhood. Soon he will return, for seven suns have risen since he went away to begin his ordeal. He will bring back a totem, a powerful spirit that will guide him through his life. Let us accept the totem which he will see after his mind has become sharpened by hunger and thirst and ceremonial dances. If it is a mountain-lion he sees, then shall we make war. For the mountain-lion spares nothing that comes between it and its desire. If he sees Yealth, the wily raven, then shall we be crafty, too. We shall talk of friendship and sharpen our flints for war. If he sees Coho, the salmon, then shall we seek another country, even as the salmon seeks another home when comes the spawning time. My heart speaks within me saying that the son of Sealth will bring us a message this day. Let us abide by it."

Chief Sealth arose and joined his hands in token of agreement. "Your words are good," he said somberly. "I pledge myself and the men of my tribe to abide by the totem that my son shall bring to our lodge this day. My heart speaks, too, Kit-sap Tyee, and says that there is much sorrow on the trail ahead of us. But we of the allied tribes are brothers. We must not draw our knives against each other. It is better to accept the meaning of my son's totem, whatever it may be."

No sooner had he spoken than a shadow dimmed

the doorway. Faint and reeling with fatigue, Se-at-a-li entered the lodge and stood swaying, his face and arms and back covered with crusted blood. For he had rigorously beaten himself and inflicted pain upon his body that his spirit might grow strong within him.

Upon his drawn and bleeding face all eyes were turned. It was Kit-sap Tyee who put the question to him that was in the hearts of all the assembled tribes.

"Son of Sealth, do you bring a totem to the lodge of your father?"

The boy nodded in tired assent.

"Then speak; what living thing crossed your path when you looked upon the world with seeing eyes after your ordeal?"

The swarthy men bent forward. They listened as for the words of a spirit.

"I saw—" the boy said faintly, "*I saw—a white man in the forest.*"

There came a sigh that was like the breathing of a thousand sorrows. Yet there was silence. None thought to rebel against the word that had been said.

Chief Sealth stood as if his son's voice had pierced his inmost heart. Then slowly he bent his head.

"It is the word of the *tah-ma-na-wis*," he said. "Let not the hand of the allied tribes be lifted against the white man. I have spoken. I obey the wish of the great Saghalie."

In the years that followed, the boy Se-at-a-li, grown to manhood, became a great power among the Northern tribes. It was under his leadership that the fierce Eastern tribes were conquered. He joined the tribes of the great Northwest into one powerful alliance, and never was his war club lifted save in defense of his people.

But swiftly there came the time of twilight for the red men. Faster and faster the white faces came from the east and north to take possession of the pleasant, fertile land that lies under the shadow of Tahoma, the Mountain-that-was-God. The forts of the Hudson's Bay trading-posts frowned over the land and water. Log cabins were erected on the place the red man calls *Al-ki*, which means, "In the time to come." The reason for the white man's steady coming was rooted deeply in the friendship of Se-at-a-li. Like a stanch shield he stood between the newcomers and the savage tribes who sought to drive them from the land.

Kit-sap Tyee lay dying. They had dressed him in his finest robes while yet there was life in him, and he watched with dim and sunken eyes the preparations for the burning of his body. He motioned feebly that Se-at-a-li should come and sit beside him. He smiled faintly upon the great chieftain whom he loved as a son.

"I cross the dark river," he whispered, "but it does

not make me afraid. I know that you will burn my arrows with me and my blankets and my canim. I shall live very happily in the land of Ilahee. Yet my heart is troubled because I go without the full meaning of a dream I dreamed many years ago. The white totem I made, do you remember it?"

Se-at-a-li nodded, averting his face.

"A white face was upon it. That much has come true. But the broken arrow, the setting sun, and the circle which means oblivion, what is the meaning of these things? We are a great nation. You have banded our people together so that our tribes cover all the Great Waters and reach over into the eastern mountains. Our arrows are not broken; they are still sharp and true of flight. Can you tell me the meaning of my dream? I am very near the shadows; the voice of my *tah-ma-na-wis* is weak in my ears."

Se-at-a-li bent his massive head. He gently touched the face of the dying chieftain. He took counsel in his heart as to what he should say.

"A broken arrow means peace," he said at length. "The setting sun is the symbol of our Western nations. And the circle"—he hesitated for a moment—"the circle is the union of our people."

The tired eyes of Kit-sap Tyee closed. There was a smile upon his lips. Se-at-a-li flung up his hand, and the women started wailing.

The chieftain rose and gazed down at the quiet, smiling face.

"Kit-sap Tyee, I lied," he said, "but the lie will make your journey across the dark river a pleasant one. The dream was yours; mine is the realization of it. In days to come my heart will break with the broken arrow of our power; my life will go down with the setting sun and the glory of our people; the circle of oblivion will make a ring around us all. Yet I cannot stay the coming of the darkness. The white face is my totem."

There came a night of final council. The years had been troubled ones, and Chief Se-at-a-li was growing old beneath their insistent pressure. The fierce Nootkas of the northern country had come to him in peace, asking his aid in one great invasion. Or, failing that, let him be but a passive onlooker, and they would drive the white men into the sea. Sternly the answer was:

"No! They are my brothers and my friends. No man can turn back the tide of the Great Waters, and I cannot turn back the tide of the white man's coming."

But the white men made poor recompense for the protection and the welcome. They took the red man's lands without pretense of payment. They gave him the gift of liquid poison; they gave him the white man's vices with none of the white man's virtues.

And so the chieftain Se-at-a-li came to a great re-

solve. For the purpose of imparting it he sent messengers far and near to all the tribes of the Great Waters, to call them to council on the shore of Al-ki.

The water was blue with phosphorus that night. The black canoes came gliding in lines of pallid fire. Each paddle dripped with liquid opals that were swallowed up in long green waves of light. From the south they came, and the east, and the north. They came secretly, as the great Tyee had bid them. And though the beach was ablaze with a beacon-fire, yet no white man's eyes witnessed that solemn conclave. It belonged to night and darkness and the children of the twilight.

The chieftain Se-at-a-li stood in his most kingly garments. His robe was of woven goat hair, and his neck was richly hung with hiaqua shells. His face was painted with the ceremonial colors of his tribe. Full in the light of the blazing fire he stood, and the red men grouped about him in silence, for each heart was weighed down by the knowledge of some approaching thing of great importance. Only the night wind sang sleepily in the tall branches of the pines, the water lapped softly on the graveled beach, pulling back the little stones and swishing against the sides of the long black canims on the sand. The driftwood burned a steady blue and red and green, and the dry fir boughs blazed up in a fierce red gasp of momentary glory.

Se-at-a-li lifted his hands, and a deeper silence fell. His voice, rich and powerful, commenced with the ancient words of ritual.

"The great Saghalie has permitted us to have another council. Let us be thankful.

"My brothers of the allied tribes of Suquamish, Duwamish and Sa-ma-mish, it is no trivial thing that I have called you to council for. A new race has come amongst us from the east, and we turn our faces toward the setting sun. We are like the salmon, who, when comes the time of spawning, swim up-stream to do the thing that has been decreed for them, even though in obeying the law of the Saghalie they grow weak, and turn up their bellies, and die.

"We have the choice between war and peace. But in neither of them shall we find escape from the circle of oblivion. If we choose war, then shall we perish indeed—very quickly, by reason of the white man's death medicine that we have not the secret of. If we choose peace, and live with the white men as brothers, we shall perish, too—more slowly, but more dishonorably. For the white man has sicknesses that the red man has not known. He has given us a drink which makes our young men crazy and turns our squaws into *kul-toos* (bad) women.

"So, my brothers, I have thought long in my mind, and this is what the Hyas Saghalie has said to me:

“Let your people go away. Let them band themselves close to the woods and the waters. Be kind to each other. Forget to make slaves; do not kill any more slaves when a chieftain dies. It is wrong to take life. If your life is to be spared, you must let others live and be happy.”

A low murmur arose from the crowded listeners about the fire. Go away? Where? Under whose guidance? Se-at-a-li lifted his hand for silence again.

“My brothers, the white men have said to me: ‘Sealth’—for it is thus they speak my name—‘we wish to build a white man’s village here. Give us land that we may put our homes on it, and tell us that you will not harm us afterward. The white man’s village shall bear your name, and we shall always remember that you were our friend.’

“What shall I say to them, O brothers? If I say ‘No,’ they will laugh in my face and take the land anyway. Therefore I say, ‘Yes, build your white man’s village. I give you the land that my fathers called Sedze-se-la-lich, as far as this place that we call Al-ki, which means in your tongue, “In the time to come.” ’ ”

Again there came a murmuring, for the gift was a great one. Many a tribe had less land for all its men and women and children.

But the great deep voice of Se-at-a-li rang out compellingly, and they turned their faces toward him.

"O my brothers, I have done what seems to my heart to be good. Perhaps, if we give the white man much land, he will be satisfied and not look with asking eyes upon the homes we wish to keep for ourselves. Let him have his white man's village, and we shall have ours. We must live closely together as the Hyas Saghalie commanded. So, let us make now the ceremony of going away. Then in our canims we shall cross the waters to Suquamish, the Old Man House, which is the greatest tribal lodge in all the land of the Big Waters. I shall be your Tyee and try to give you good thoughts. There we shall live far away from the white man and his ways. Perhaps, in so doing we shall keep the sun from setting a little longer; we shall keep the circle of oblivion from closing about us. My brothers, I have spoken."

For many moments there was a low hum of voices, while the fire died down to embers, unnoticed. Then Sub-qualth, one of the lesser chieftains, spoke.

"We believe that you speak that which is true and good," he said. "You have been our Tyee in the past, and in the time to come we shall do as you say. We are ready for the ceremony of going away. And when you enter your canim, we shall follow you wherever you go."

Now the great fire blazed higher, higher, fed with logs and driftwood and branches. The *tah-ma-na-wis*

men commenced to dance very slowly, turning and pausing upon the beat of the drum, chanting an ancient song from which the meaning had gone, leaving only the waiting words and the movements of the dance. It was the dance of going away, which is danced only when a great tribe departs from one place to another. No one knows the meaning of the words of the song. But the meaning of the whole was:

*"We are going away, we are going away.
Our bodies go away, but our spirits remain here.
We seek another home for our bodies,
But our hearts remain in this place."*

Slowly the warriors began to dance about the fire, their bodies held rigid and motionless, their eyes fixed upon the ground, their feet moving in rhythm to the beating of the drums and the solemn whirling and turning of the *tah-ma-na-wis* men. As each man passed the flaming pile, he flung something into it. Something that was dear to his heart, that hurt his soul to leave behind. The ancient song rose wailing:

"We are going away, we are going away—"

Soon the fire was blazing heavily with arrows tipped with white agate points; bows that were inlaid with pearl shell and wound about with snake-skin. Blankets bordered with pearl buttons that had come in trade from Northern tribes, strings of hiaqua shells and

carven paddles that proclaimed the labor of many moons.

"Our bodies go away, but our spirits remain here—"

When all had passed the mighty blaze, when each warrior and *tah-ma-na-wis* man had despoiled himself of his dearest treasure, Chief Se-at-a-li came forward, slowly and with dignity, as became a great leader and a Tyee. Slowly he lifted from around him the robe which only chieftains may wear—the robe into whose making had gone the woven hair of twelve mountain goats, and to mark the completion of which eight slaves had been put to death. Underneath he wore only a short wrapping of woven cedar bark, such as the humblest man of his tribe might wear.

"This is my symbol of chieftainship," he said, and put it upon the flames.

A great murmuring rose up with the blazing of the robe.

"The Tyee blanket! Ai! It is indeed the heart of our chieftain!"

The wind of the dawn was blowing when the last flames sank into embers. It was still dark, but there was a thin pallor in the eastern sky that presaged the coming of the day. The long black canims scratched against the sand as their high prows rode down into the water. The paddles rose and dipped as one, throw-

ing wide an arc of blue-green fire. Still the *tah-ma-na-wis* men were chanting:

*"We seek another home for our bodies,
But our hearts remain in this place."*

The crying of the words was echoed from canim to canim; it rose and fell with the sweeping of the paddles. In the chief's canoe went Se-at-a-li, clad in his humble wrappings of cedar bark, he who had given a kingdom that he might keep a home for his people.

The light in the eastern sky grew brighter. It dimmed the blue-green water-fire and whitened the gliding streaks of foam. Then swiftly it faded into darkness that was deeper than the darkness of the night had been.

The eyes of Se-at-a-li were upon the eastern heavens. He said no word, but his heart was heavy within him.

"Thus shall it be with our people," he spoke within himself. "The light comes, but it is the white dawn, the false dawn. The darkness comes afterward, and then the rising of the sun. But the yellow dawn will come too late for the people of our tribes. They will pass westward into the deeper dark. The dawn is for the white man."

The Old Woman Who Talks with Foxes

FROM the northern country of Alaska, where the sun forgets to go to bed in summer and the blue spirit lights crackle across the winter sky, came these stories of the four-footed folk who make their homes in the forests of that lovely, lonely land.

It is a country where old things and new things have locked hands to make a mingling of romance and commerce. A land where ancient totem-poles rear their carved and painted shafts beside modern lumber-yards and salmon canneries; where grim old Thlinget legends persist in the midst of Christianizing influences; where high-prowed cedar canoes glide out in the wake of chugging gasoline launches.

How deep goes the veneer of civilization among these natives of the Northland is impossible of conjecture. True, they no longer own slaves; they no longer christen a totem-pole or a new dwelling with the blood of a captured enemy. The once-dreaded *ichts*, the

medicine-men, have lost their power and influence. It is not a matter of scandal any more for a girl to marry a man of her own choice.

But beneath all the civilizing influences of the white man linger thoughts and feelings of a dim and by-gone day. I was told with pride by a native Thlinget Indian that the house in which he lived had had twelve slaves killed in honor of its erection—which dated back to the early days of the Russian occupancy. He related a weird legend of the sun and moon and stars which, he said, was a true story. "It happened—oh, just a little while ago. Not in my father's time, or his father's time—but just a little time before that." And, lastly, he told me very seriously that birds and animals can understand all that is said to them. It is unwise to speak disrespectfully of a seal, for if you do, you will have no luck in the sealing season. You must not call a salmon a "coho" to his face or your catch will be a scanty one. He told me how his own nephew had escaped being mauled by an angry bear because the boy had the presence of mind to cry out, "Do not hurt me, Brother Hoots! We are of one family! I am of the Bear tribe. You and I are brothers!" And the bear went away, leaving him living and unhurt.

"There are two things that all birds and animals know," he told me. "They know first if you are not

afraid of them. They respect people who are without fear. But most of all they know when they are liked. They want to be liked. It is not strange, is it? People are the same in many ways."

It was from him that I first heard of "the old woman who talks with foxes." It was he who told me of the customs of the Thlinget Indians and drew a grim and realistic picture of how supposed witches were discovered and tortured—even in the days of the white man. But lest you doubt the truthfulness of this story, I will tell you how it came to me from another more authentic source. And how I was singularly fortunate in getting a glimpse of that strange old woman whom they call the "Witch-Squaw of Yakutat."

I heard of her first from my Thlinget friend while sojourning at Sitka, the one-time Russian capital of Alaska. I heard more of her when I paid a visit to Sitka Hot Springs, which lies sixteen miles south of Sitka on the west coast of Baranof Island. It is here that the fox-farmers come for harbor when the stretch of sea beyond is too rough to venture out in. They are always made welcome at the big homelike hotel—everyone is made welcome there—and they congregate in the wide and comfortable living-room that overlooks the bay with its myriads of little clustering islands, and talk shop—which is to talk of foxes.

Fox-farming is the newest of the Northland's industries. What gold once was in importance, what the salmon industry now is, so will the raising of blue and silver foxes become in the development of the future. In time it will make trapping obsolete. For the foxes are humanely bred and royally treated. When the time comes to die, they are killed mercifully and painlessly. If women must transform dead wild things into luxurious apparel, they can at least know that the farm-bred pelts have not been obtained at the cost of days and nights of cruel suffering.

In these hours of shop-talk the fox-farmers estimate the number of pups they think are in the underground dens. (They cannot know with certainty until the mother brings them out, for to trifle with a baby fox is to alienate it from the affection and care of its parents.) They tell how they lost two pups to a pair of bald-headed eagles, who swooped down and snatched them up from the beach before there was time to go for a gun. They tell anecdotes of how Petey, a blue fox, stole an egg to take home to his wife, and how he beat her soundly because she tried to take it out of his mouth. It is fox etiquette, they say, for the lady fox to wait until her husband lays his offering before her. If she gets too anxious and tries to snatch it up before it is put on the ground, her mate thrashes her soundly. He bites her into a

submissive frame of mind; and afterwards, when she is properly subdued, he brings her the morsel which she was to have, puts it down in front of her, and gives her a brief lick of the tongue that says, "There! that's yours, but you mustn't take it until I give it to you."

It was on such an evening of "fox talk" that I heard again about the old witch-woman of Yakutat. The island-dotted bay over which the slow summer sun was setting was calm as an inland lake. It did not seem possible that out beyond those sheltering dots of greenery the wide sea roared hungrily like a monster cheated of its prey. But through a gap of trees that made a narrow avenue through which we could see the ocean, the great breakers rose high in plumes of furious dashing spray. If you went outside on the porch, you could hear the low mutter of the cheated sea. It was not a day to venture forth on the sixteen-mile launch journey to Sitka. For there are ugly hidden reefs upon the coast which seem to wait for such a treacherous storm to draw the small stanch boats to destruction.

So the fox-farmers waited at the Hot Springs for the going down of the sun and with it, perhaps, the sinking of the wind.

Someone mentioned having a sick fox on his hands
Someone else laughed.

"The old woman who talks with foxes will be paying a visit to your island."

"The witch-squaw of Yakutat?" I asked eagerly, and they all looked at me, smiling.

"You've heard of her, too? She must be getting quite famous. Yes, that's the one we meant. Funny old native woman, half crazy, of course, or maybe entirely so, who thinks that the foxes understand all that she says to them. The curious thing is that she can handle a wild fox, sick or well, just as if it were a tame dog. They climb all over her, into her lap, and are jealous if she pets one too much. She has an uncanny way of knowing when there is sickness among the foxes of the island farms. You'll see her old-fashioned *keat*, or native canoe, come sliding out from behind a near-by island. She paddles in it for long, long distances; in fact, no one knows just where she does live. She lands on the island, and pretty soon the foxes are all around her, barking and tumbling over each other to get to her. She takes the sick fox in her lap and looks at it and says some native gibberish over it. Then she gives it medicine; sometimes it is herbs; sometimes an oil of her own manufacture. She won't come near the house, won't accept money or food. She lives in her own way, on berries, or fish, or clams. And when the fox is all right, away she goes in her lean black canoe, with all the foxes sit-

ting on the beach yapping after her like relatives seeing someone off on the train."

It was the next day that I had an opportunity to see for myself one of the fox islands in the vicinity of Sitka Hot Springs. We went chugging off in a sturdy little gas-boat that kicked up long white lines of foam behind it and left a trail of gasoline smell in its wake.

It was the fox-farm of "China Mary" I went to visit. She is one of the few fox-raisers who really love foxes. Most of the farmers are in the business for purely commercial reasons. But China Mary knows every fox by name. She knows their dispositions, their individual traits, their habits, and their weaknesses. She is, as her name implies, of Oriental birth. But she wears her thick black hair bobbed after the modern Occidental fashion. She wears hip-boots and corduroys like a man, has a wonderful sense of humor, and thoroughly merits her reputation for being one of the biggest-hearted women in Alaska.

As the boat approached the small, heavily wooded island, we heard the foxes barking, their shrill sharp yaps coming from the hidden fastnesses of the island wilderness. And when the small clearing came into view, with its tiny house and jutting wharf, the little gray animals began to glide out of the woods, their tails like great smudges of smoke, their ears cocked like those of inquisitive dogs. They sat down on their

haunches and watched us land. There seemed to be an invisible dead-line between perfect confidence and fear. For we could approach just so near without giving them alarm. One step beyond this unseen barrier, and they were off in a flash of gray. I have never seen any creature move so silently, so quickly. They fairly dissolved before our eyes. One instant they were sitting on the graveled beach, regarding us with their pretty, pointed heads on one side. The next instant there were no foxes at all. They had vanished utterly into the concealing greenery of the forest.

China Mary had brought some mineral "oi" to administer to "Tuffy" her pet fox. He had been ailing for the last few days, and she had made the long trip to Sitka to get a remedy for him. But, to her surprise, Tuffy now seemed perfectly well. He met us at the wharf, very shy of me because I was a stranger to him, but very happy to see his mistress once more.

Tuffy is a small blue-gray fox who will never be sacrificed to the pelt market. He will be kept for breeding. He was named, I suspect for his toughness of disposition. One ear is almost chewed off, and he bears a variety of scars on his body as souvenirs of recent arguments. He welcomed China Mary with unmistakable symptoms of joy, dashing about us exactly like a dog, and trotting ahead of us up to the house with all the importance of ownership.

But China Mary turned a puzzled face upon me.

"That Tuffy," she said wonderingly, "he sure was sick. Yes, sir, I go way to Sitka for mineral oi' to cure him. And rook at him!" (China Mary's l's are all r's.) "I know, yes, sir, I know what happen! That o' woman who tark with foxes she come here whi' I'm gone. She a funny o' woman, yes, sir. But she know foxes, yes, sir!"

The foxes came peeping out of the brush to see if the feeding pans were ready for them. They are fed a mixture of rice and oatmeal, sometimes with other cereals and fish added. They dig their own clams and carry the succulent mussels home to their dens, to be given to the wife or the puppies. When China Mary set out the mixture of fox feed, some of their instinctive distrust vanished before the urge of hunger. They snapped and fought with each other, Tuffy distinguishing himself by standing in the middle of the pan and guarding it against all comers. True, he got scant time to eat anything. But, as China Mary remarked, "Some peop'o keep happy eating, and some peop'o get fat on fighting." Tuffy seemed to be a living example of the latter class.

It seemed to me that the gentleman foxes were unnecessarily sharp to their wives. They would snap viciously at the lady foxes who tried to come and eat beside them, and more than once would send a slim

gray lady sprawling when she insisted on having a bite of lunch with the men-folks.

So I spoke approvingly concerning one male fox who seemed to display remarkable chivalry towards his wife. He not only permitted her to eat beside him, but saw to it that she ate first, and that no other fox ventured too near her while she was at her meal. China Mary laughed.

"Oh, sure," she said, "he very good to her now. She got babies back in the den. Awr gentleman foxes are nice to their wives when they got babies back there behind those hemrock trees. That's how we know when the puppies come. He gets nice, oh, so nice! Yes, sir!"

Later in the afternoon we went exploring about the island, and I got my first intimate idea of what a natural fox-farm is like. These island-bred foxes are not raised in pens. They make their dens in the natural fox way under the huge roots of some tall tree. The underground passage that leads to a den begins at a long distance from the lair. But its trail is perfectly plain to the human eye, being dotted at intervals with holes that come up to the surface of the ground. Perhaps they are air holes, or perhaps they are meant for short-cut entrances. At any rate the fox thinks he has constructed an exceedingly clever labyrinth that could fool any human being living. I

wonder if he knows that the dens are unmistakably marked with an untidy collection of clam shells before the doors, or if he realizes that the baby foxes betray their location with their cautious little "Wook! wook!" coming from far back in the den.

I was shown the trap-house, where at the proper season the foxes are fed so that they become accustomed to being inside the wired enclosure. The floor can be opened up, letting the foxes drop down into a smaller room where they can easily be caught. Those that are reserved for breeding purposes are released. The ones intended for pelts are dispatched with merciful quickness by means of chloroform.

The woods are very beautiful in the north country. The Alaskan spruce trees stand heavily laden with yellow cones as if for eternal Christmas decoration. The pigeon berries spread a filagree of red and green over fallen logs and stumps, and the huckleberry bushes bend low with luscious fruit.

It was while we were far back along the trail that I felt China Mary's hand upon my arm. She said no word, but pointed, and motioned that I should be very quiet. I saw then what she had seen—an old, old woman sitting quietly on a log some distance ahead of us. Her scant gray hair was drawn back from her shrunken brown face, and there was a black shawl knotted about her stooped shoulders. My eyes asked

a question. China Mary nodded silently. Yes, that was the witch-squaw of Yakutat. The old woman who talked with foxes.

The thrill of it made me forgetful of caution. I moved or uttered a sound, perhaps. I do not know just what it was that made the old woman suddenly aware of our presence near her. But she started to her feet with that pitiful terror which a wild animal shows when it is pursued. From her arms a fox tumbled, stared at us for a brief second with startled, blue-green eyes, then disappeared as if by magic into the engulfing greenery of the woods.

Another instant, and the old woman, too, had been swallowed up by the forest. She scarcely seemed to move. Yet suddenly she was gone. There was no flutter of leaf or crackle of twig to tell how or where she had vanished. But in that one moment I had time to see that her eyes had the same uncanny, blue-green light in them that the frightened fox eyes had, and that her underlip was pierced and disfigured by a labret, the ancient adornment which the Thlinget and Haidah women of high caste used to wear. I could not tell whether the round, protruding disk that had been inserted in her underlip in babyhood was of wood or bone. China Mary, who had seen the old woman before at closer range, told me it was of jade, a stone highly prized by the native dwellers of the North.

China Mary shrugged her shoulders and turned about abruptly.

"She afraid," she said softly, "awr' time afraid. We go back now so she not be scared of us."

"What is she afraid of?" I asked, almost in a whisper.

"Oh, you come back to the house, I tell you," was China Mary's answer.

And so it was that with Tuffy peeping cautiously in at the door, trying to make up his mind whether or not to take a morsel of fish from my fingers, China Mary told me the story of the old woman who talks with foxes.

It is a story that has for its beginning the old barbarous days of Alaska, when witchcraft and sorcery went hand in hand with savage worship of evil spirits. Then a medicine-man's word was law in his tribe, and many an innocent person, paying the penalty of a slight or a grudge, was called a witch and condemned to die a dreadful and lingering death by torture.

No one knows just where the old woman who talks with foxes was born, but certainly it was many years ago in the days of the Russian occupancy of Al-ey-ak-sa, as the country was then called by the gentle Aleuts and the lordly Haidahs. Normally she would have become a great *Shaman*, or witch-doctor, for even

in her childhood there was a supernatural sympathy between her and the wild things of the forest. It is said of her that when she was still a baby she crawled into the den of a mother fox and there received nourishment with the squealing hungry puppies. This happening alone would have served to set her apart in the superstitious minds of her people, for the Indian is quick to snatch at any unusual circumstance and see in it the will of spirits and nature-gods.

At first they called her "The Child Who Suckled with Foxes," and when she grew older they spoke of her as "The Girl with Watering Eyes," or "The Girl of Soft Heart," because she could not bear to see an animal in a trap or hear the howling of a beaten dog. Still she was looked upon with some respect and awe; for it was quite clear even to the savage minds of that Northern tribe, that the child possessed some peculiar and definite power over birds and animals. She could speak to a vicious dog, and its ill-humor would vanish. She would care for a wounded bird or rabbit and relieve it of its hurts.

Once when she was gathering berries in the forest with other children of her tribe, their way was disputed by a portly brown bear. The other girls fled screaming, for they had no weapons and were far from the encampment of their people. But the Girl of Soft Heart stood her ground. They heard her

speaking to the bear. She was talking gently and persuasively, saying, "I am your friend; you must be our friend. We do no harm here, we but gather berries to fill our stomachs. You, Brother Hoots, sleep all winter and do not need food; but we must have food. When the snow lies thick upon the ground, how shall we find it? These berries are for the long days of the coming winter. You know what hunger means, Brother Hoots; you will not hurt us because we wish to gather berries."

Then there was silence; and presently the other girls ventured to return and see if their companion had been slain by the great brown bear. They found her alone, happily stripping the bushes of round blueberries—and the bear was not to be seen.

Most of all she loved the foxes—those "little wild dogs of the woods," whose faces are sharp and pointed, and whose tails are like puffs of trailing smoke.

Once, when a hunter of a tribe killed a mother and a father fox, the girl did not rest until she had found the den where eight tiny blind fox puppies lay whimpering for the mother who did not come back to them. She gave them to a mother dog, whose own puppies had been killed; and thus they grew to sturdy adulthood with an Indian dog for a foster-mother and the Girl of Soft Heart for a friend and protector.

There came a day when according to the customs of her people she was imprisoned in a small, closed space, scooped out of the dirt floor of the Thlinget dwelling, there to remain in seclusion until a husband was found for her. It was a tiresome and grueling experience for the girl children who were taken suddenly from the freedom of the woods and water, incarcerated in the dark caves underneath the houses, and visited only by their mothers, who took them out at night for a brief respite from their cramped quarters of the day. Early marriages were the practice; and though many girl children were given as wives to men whom they did not love, still the thought of acquiring their liberty made them resigned to any husband that should be selected for them.

The love of freedom and the open made almost unbearable the imprisonment of the Girl of Soft Heart. The scooped-out cave was so low that she could scarcely sit upright. It was too short for her to stretch herself out at full length. And, though her mother gave her grasses and reeds from which to make coarsely woven baskets, the confinement gnawed at her heart and brain until it seemed to her that her body and soul were dead. She existed only for the moment when her mother should come and release her for a brief space of time to the sharp air of the night and the clean sweeping winds of the darkness.

Through the long months of that close imprisonment, it was the growing fox cubs who helped her keep life and sanity. They missed their friend and play-mate. It did not take long for them to scent out her hiding-place; and, when they heard her muffled voice in response to their eager whines, they began digging with vigor and determination until they had made a hole large enough to squeeze down into the cavern where the Girl of Soft Heart lay. Great clumps of ferns and huckleberry bushes grew thick against the side of the native house, making a screen for the foxes' burrow. It was not discovered by any of the tribe. And so the imprisoned child had at least the comfort of soft furry bodies rubbing against her, warm wet tongues that sought her hands and face, and bright blue-green eyes that said plaintively, "Why are you here? Come out into the sunshine and play with us!"

Sometimes the family in the house would hear the muffled voice of the girl as if she were speaking to a companion. Then they would strike on the rough-hewn slabs above her to impose silence. For it is bad luck for a girl even to speak when she is kept in the underground chamber. Once the mother peeped down through the slabs that gave a faint ventilation to the cave below, and was startled by the gleam of uncanny eyes staring into hers. But when she flung the slab

aside, she saw nothing. Only the girl was lying pressed close against the earthen wall of her prison, her fingers working half-heartedly at the coarse basket which could be made without the help of the eyesight.

In her heart the mother was afraid, and said to herself, "That was surely some spirit who looked at me." But she said nothing to any of the tribe, for it would have spoiled the girl's chances of an advantageous marriage.

Then there came the day when the great slabs were lifted; and the girl, faint and half blinded, was lifted up into the semi-darkness of the great room.

The tribal houses of the Thlinget Indians were not the bark and skin teepees of the Southern red men. They were solidly built of rough-hewn logs in the form of a large rectangle. A raised seat went completely around the one room, and there was a place in the center of the rectangle for a fire. There were no windows. The only ventilation came from the opening in the roof, where the smoke made its escape, and from the low door, which was guarded by weirdly carved and painted totem-poles. Many families dwelt in a single house, eating and sleeping in harmonious communal fashion. Now the women were grouped about the fire, where a hollowed-out log made a primitive tub. Hot stones dipped into the water heated a rude bath.

When the girl was bathed and dressed in a soft pliable robe of woven goat hair, the mother looked at her with pardonable satisfaction.

"I have good news for you," she said, "I have arranged a very good marriage. The old *icht* (medicine-man) of the Kheat tribe wishes you for a wife. He has sent several disks of copper and a sea-otter skin as presents. Besides that, he will give a great potlatch feast. Our family will get the best gifts when they are distributed. You are very lucky, as he is old and cannot live very much longer. You will be quite rich by and by, and can have your choice of the many young men who will want to marry you."

She thought to please her daughter. The other women nodded their agreement and looked kindly at the girl. For the *icht* was the most powerful and important factor of the Whale-Killer tribe, and his word was undisputed. But the face of the girl, already unnaturally pale from her long confinement, became whiter still.

"That horrible old man?" she cried. "I cannot bear the sight of him! I have seen him torture dogs when the evil spirit is in him. Besides, he has three wives already!"

The surprised mother struck viciously at her daughter.

"You worm!" she screamed at her. "Who are you

to say 'no' when I have said 'yes'? What if the *icht* has as many wives as he has fingers and toes? It is permitted to him. Why, he could take you for pointing at you! And yet he pays me copper for your worthless self, and a sea-otter skin that is worth a Stickeen slave. What if he does torture a dog when his *yak*, his spirit, speaks to him? You soft of heart, watery of eyes! Let me hear no more such disobedient words."

She flung the girl from her and angrily set forth to complete the arrangements for the marriage.

The Girl of Soft Heart sank down in silence before the fire. In vain the other women of the family urged upon her the high merits of the dreaded *icht*. She would never fear sickness, they said, because his *yak*, or inner spirit, could frighten away the evil demons. She would be very wealthy and possess many slaves; and, last of all, when the old witch-doctor crossed the bridge of darkness to the land of the spirit lights, she would be able to choose a fine young husband from among the young men of the tribe who would wish to marry her.

To all their arguments and flattering words she shook her head dully, staring into the fire.

"He is horrible," she would say, half to herself. "He eats the flesh of the dead and he tortures living creatures. I cannot, cannot marry him."

But her objection meant nothing. It was not even considered by the ambitious mother, who only saw in the marriage the greatest honor that could come to her family—an alliance with the dreaded and powerful *icht* of the Whale-Killer tribe.

And so the preparations for the marriage potlatch continued. There came the day when the Girl of Soft Heart was dressed in her finest Chilkat blanket, woven of goat hair and cedar bark, and deftly embellished with the symbolic figure of the beaver, that was the tribal totem of the mother's family. Her arms were encircled with bracelets of beaten silver, and highly prized shark-tooth earrings hung from her ears. The labret that pierced her underlip was a disk of polished jade, and her black hair was oiled so sleekly that it shone like a raven's wing.

She stood submissively in the midst of friends and relatives. Her eyes were fixed modestly upon the ground, for no Thlinget girl may look upon the face of a man who is not her husband; not even on the face of her own brother may she look.

But there was no such barrier for the young men who came to see what the old *icht's* new wife would be like. They regarded her admiringly and spoke enviously among themselves.

Yes, she is really very good of face. How white she is! Her skin is like the petals of the wax flower.

The old *icht* is fortunate to have so much power and so much wealth. He can take whatever good-looking girl pleases his fancy."

"It is not altogether her looks," another answered in a low tone. "He knows, as we all know, that the Girl of Soft Heart is a natural *Shaman*, although she has not as yet gone through the ceremony of becoming one. I think he hopes to use her *yak* and become even more powerful than he is now."

With much noise and ostentation came the dreaded *icht* himself. The assembled families fell back before his lordly coming, and all avoided looking him directly in the face. For his gaze was very powerful, and he could easily draw out the soul of a man or a woman by the terrible magic of his eyes.

His face was seamed with wrinkles that had been left there not so much by age as by evil thoughts. His long greasy hair had never been cut, and it hung in feather-decked strands to his waist. Neither had his nails been cut. They were like talons, curved and crooked, and his face was painted with the hideous lines of the Whale-Killer's jaw. So repulsive was he that he filled the room with the uneasy dread of his presence. His close-set eyes peered hungrily at the white, averted face of the girl who was to be his unwilling bride. His toothless mouth widened in a triumphant smile.

The ceremony was simple and primitive. The gifts were shown, and formal acknowledgment of them made by the girl's mother. It was agreed that if the Girl of Soft Heart should prove unfaithful or unsatisfactory, the dowry would be returned. It was a provision always made, and went far toward insuring the good behavior of the bride, for it was a disgrace to have the wedding gifts sent back to the husband's family.

Then the mother led forth the reluctant girl, decked so incongruously in the garments of rejoicing.

"This is your wife," she said to the *icht*. "She will be good and obedient and will serve you faithfully in all things."

But the girl suddenly looked up and saw the hideous face of the medicine-man close to hers. She screamed and covered her eyes with her hands.

"No, no," she cried out, "I will not be his wife! He is horrible, he is filled with evil! Kill me if you will, but I will not enter his house or be his wife!"

There fell a deep and terrible silence in the crowded room. No one moved, and yet it was as if they had fallen back from around the trembling girl, leaving her isolated in a wide circle of impending dread. For they all knew that the vengeance of the *icht* would fall swiftly and crushingly upon her.

His swarthy face had turned a mottled red. No one

dared to look upon him for they felt the writhing of the evil spirit which controlled him. That the most potent factor of all the tribe should be so humiliated was beyond anything heard of or known in all the history of their people.

The girl herself knew that doom was upon her, and she shivered in the hot room as if an icy wind had swept in upon her soul.

Then the *icht* gave a terrible scream. He leaped high into the air. He fell upon his face and writhed and twisted upon the ground, while the onlookers drew back with fear written upon each watching face, for they knew that his evil spirit possessed him utterly, and that some terrible thing would come from the dictates of the unclean thing within him. He foamed at the mouth. His face was twisted out of all semblance to anything human or living. Suddenly he became rigid; he groaned chokingly, and his eyes became fixed and glassy. Slowly he arose to an upright posture. His hair, clotted with grease and filth, framed the uncanny pallor of his painted face; his long, skinny arm, with its crooked talons pointed straight at the girl. She stood with blanket drawn tightly about her, her wide eyes fixed on his with the terror of the helpless bird being charmed by the awful magic of a snake.

"A *witch!* A *witch!*" he cried out hollowly.

Then, indeed, they shrank back from around her, for there is no more dreaded word than that. A murmur of horror circled the smoky room.

"An evil spirit is in her!" he cried out again, his body twisting with the violence of the accusing voice within him. "She fears to come into my house because she has given herself to the demons! She is a witch! She is a witch! She will bring sickness and childlessness upon the tribe. She must be killed! She is a witch!"

No other accusation was needed. The word of the *icht* was never disputed. With a cry of fury the women flung themselves upon the girl. They stripped her of her bridal blanket. They flung her down upon the ground and beat her with sticks and pelted her with red-hot embers. Then they dragged her terrified but unresisting out into the open air. They reviled her and spat upon her; and in all the torture and persecution her mother was among the first. For had she not heard the girl talking as if to a companion in the cave underneath the house? Had she not seen blue-green eyes staring up at her from the darkness? Yes, it was true; her daughter had leagued herself with evil spirits. The proof of it was that she feared to become the wife of the *icht*, who would most certainly have discovered the terrible bargain he had made.

And so, at the command of the demon-ridden medi-

cine-man, they drove a stout stake into the ground just at the edge of the forest. They bound the girl to it with ropes of cedar bark that cut deeply into her arms and limbs. They tied her in such a way that she could not stand upright, but must endure the torture of crouching, with no support other than the lacerating thongs, under the lashing of whips and ropes upon her unprotected body.

They exhausted their fury upon her; and yet they refrained from killing her. For it was decreed that she should suffer thus for nine days and nine nights, without food, without water. And if she survived the torture, then she would be released, but only to a worse fate—that of becoming the lowest of slaves, to be beaten and degraded, to be looked upon with scorn and horror for the rest of her life.

The darkness came at last, and they reluctantly left her alone. They went away calling insults and hurling stones back at her. She scarcely knew they had gone. The pain of her bleeding body had been succeeded by a numbness. For Nature was kinder than her human children, and had thrown about the tormented girl the mantle of dulled senses.

It was bitterly cold, and in the clear, frosty air the spirit lights of the northern sky began to crackle and flame from the zenith to the horizon. Weirdly blue they leaped up against the star-strewn sky, dancing

and leaping like the warriors whose spirits they were thought to be. The girl saw them dimly through the mist of her suffering.

"Oh, take me, take me," she moaned, "to the land of the spirit lights. Let me dance, too, in the sky. Do not make me live—let me cross the bridge of darkness tonight!"

But only the crackling of the leaping lights answered her, snapping as the tormenting whips had snapped. The cold wind set the pine trees to singing a shivering song of coming winter. The bound body of the girl twisted against the rough cedar-bark thongs, trying to gain momentary relief from the clinch of their unyielding strands.

Then quietly from the darkness there came the swift moving of lithe, four-footed shadows. The glint of eyes, blue-green as the northern lights, flickered in and out among the ferns and bushes. The girl did not speak or cry out. She knew that wild animals were moving about her, stealthily appraising the strange sight which confronted them. She would have welcomed the pouncing claws of the mountain-lion or the tearing teeth of the timber-wolf. But she was unprepared for the soft, wet tongues that presently licked against her numbed limbs. And when a furry body reared itself upon her, with eager paws padding against her face, hot tears fell from her eyes, and her heart

grew big within her. For, degraded and despised by her human kin, cast aside in scorn by the mother who had borne her, she was not deserted by the four-footed creatures to whom she had shown kindness and love.

The little foxes scurried about her like dogs, looking eagerly up at her, asking by their questioning manner what was wrong, why she crouched there so quietly, and why she did not speak to them and caress them as was her wont. They came and sat around her in a circle, their heads at a questioning angle, their bright eyes fixed upon her with inquisitive sympathy.

"I cannot come to you," she said in a low, strained voice. "I am a prisoner here. Do you not see the ropes that bind me? I cannot play with you any more, for they have said that I must die."

Who shall say that there is not communion between man and the silent brethren when love is the interpreter of the speech of the one into the consciousness of the other? Even in human intercourse words are not always necessary. Thoughts may carry their meaning from one heart to another, and need or desire may be quickly felt without the aid of the spoken word.

Who shall say what happened on that night of frosty clearness when the spirit lights leaped up like pallid warriors dancing? In the morning, when the women

of the tribe went out to torture the witch afresh, they found that in the night three things had gone—a long high-prowed *keat* (canoe), a blanket, and the witch-girl. The stake was where it had been solidly driven in the ground at the edge of the forest; but the thongs of cedar bark were cut and frayed—not cleanly as by the slashing of a knife, but with the woven strands dangling unevenly as if they had been gnawed apart by the persistent teeth of some wild animal.

The *icht* shrieked and writhed in his cheated vengeance, and at his command the men of the tribe went forth in their swiftest war canoes to overtake and bring back the fugitive.

But the women of the tribe shook their heads. The witch-girl, they knew, would never be brought back. The evil spirits whom she served had liberated her and would probably render her invisible to those who tried to find her.

The pursuers came back baffled after a search of many days. There were too many islands where the witch-girl might have taken refuge—too many hidden coves where her long black *keat* might lie securely sheltered from searching eyes. They never found her, and in after years her story became a widely told legend in the tribe of the Beaver.

The evil gods of the Thlinget people are dead now; there are no more witch-doctors to weave spells and to

blast the lives of Northern red men. A gentler, kinder religion has thrown its mantle of charity over the savage hearts of the native dwellers of Alaska. But the old witch-woman of Yakutat does not know. Through all the bitterness of many, many years she has shunned contact with red man and with white man, believing firmly that she is still pursued, and if caught would be subjected to the stake once more.

I do not think she is lonely or unhappy. Her wants are very simple, and her senses have never been dulled by civilization. Berries and fish and clams give her ample food. For shelter she has the upturned *keat*, and in winter a cave somewhere on one of the little clustering islands. She knows how to make fire from flint, and how to live close to the heart of Nature. Above all, she has the companionship of those shy, wild brothers of the North, the foxes. Wary of all other human beings, they are to her like loving, obedient children. There is a communion between them that is not for the white man to understand. It is a communion born of perfect love and a perfect trust that has never been betrayed.

It hurt me to think of her lonely, weary wanderings. And yet I know that she is happiest in her own life. For the world has moved on beyond her simple ways. In the modern world, where thoughts of money reign supreme, she would have no place or understanding.

When I reached Sitka the next day, I spoke of seeing her. The man, a fox-raiser, smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, yes," he said carelessly, "the witch-woman of Yakutat. I've heard of that old squaw. Crazy, isn't she? She thinks she talks with the foxes!"

Heavy Wings

AN EAGLE is a king. And it is unthinkable that a king should be made ridiculous by captivity. To be confined with magpies and chattering parrakeets, to be stared at by the idly curious, poked at with sticks and umbrellas—oh, a clean death by a bullet is better than such a life! This I have always felt when watching the great golden eagles and the bald-headed eagles in their cages at the zoological gardens. Their plumage is so dull, so ruffled, as if they lacked the pride or the incentive to keep it up properly. Their wings droop heavily, and their amber eyes stare with insolent listlessness, deliberately ignoring the people who watch them from outside the confining wire meshes.

Once a king, indeed, was this great bird who was chosen long years ago as the symbol of our mighty country. The air lanes were his empire, and he watched the world from above the whirling clouds. But now his kingdom has been taken from him. Civilization has declared him an outlaw. And Alaska, the home of the great bald-headed eagle, our national em-

blem, has put a miserable little bounty upon the kingly talons of the exiled emperor. Fifty cents for a pair of eagle's claws! Fifty cents for the extinction of the bird who still reigns, in theory at least, as the symbol of eternal freedom!

Once, when Brother and I were children on the shores of Puget Sound, we discovered a dead pine tree on a high rocky bluff, in whose lofty branches an eagle family had made a nest. But when we visited it again, bringing with us an offering of fresh fish to lay at the foot of the tree so that the mother and father might take it to their babies, we found only a broken mass of twigs and feathers stained with blood. Some hunter had been before us, and his gun had made another offering to the god of "sport." We told the Siwash chief about it, and he nodded solemnly.

"*Nowitka* (yes)," he said in Chinook, "Tyee Kula-kula (the eagle) is unhappy always. He and the Indian die together, when the white man comes."

I thought of those words many times when in Alaska I saw great bunches of the yellow claws hung up for exhibition. The people of the Northland warmly defend their slaughter of the eagles. They say that the great birds are ruinous to the business of fox-raising. For no fox pup that strays out upon the beach unguarded is safe from the keen eyes of the bald-headed eagles. They say, too, that the eagles

attack young fawns, and that they will snatch up salmon from the very nets of the fishermen. I do not deny the many accusations against Tyee Kula-kula. I only say that he kills for food; not for fifty cents, or for sport, or for a skin to wear about his neck. And that the sudden interest taken by mankind in behalf of the fawns and foxes is not occasioned by humane feelings, but by an intense desire to save the fawns and foxes—for their own guns.

There was one man who understood how I felt about those winged emperors of the air lanes. True, he has no foxes or fawns, and he has no interest in the salmon industry. Nevertheless, he is in a position to know very intimately the disposition and characteristics of the bald-headed eagle. He raised one from a weak, bedraggled fledgling. He won its trust and confidence, and was accepted by it as a friend.

There was one other man, an Indian, who told me a legend of the Eagle tribe, and who explained why the great bird is destined, even as my own Siwash chief had said, to be "unhappy always." The two stories fit each other very closely, as you shall see. The story of Heavy Wings, which is the name by which the Thlinget Indians call the eagle, and of Baldy, who became a white man's friend.

There is a hill in Sitka that overlooks the harbor. It overlooks the clustering islands that dot the bay and

make a comforting shelter from the ocean winds beyond. Once that hill was crowned by a rearing fort-like structure called the Baranof Castle. It was here that Alexander Baranof lived and ruled the destinies of Russian America. He subdued the fierce pride of the native Thlingets and Haidahs; he turned the vast resources of *Al-ey-ak-sa*, the Great Country, into gold that filled the coffers of the Tsar.

But even the mighty Russian Bear could not keep its paw upon the land forever. Alexander Baranof and his despotism are but memories. The great "castle" has long since burned to the ground, and in its place is a comfortable modern dwelling that houses the Agricultural Bureau of Alaska.

It is here that the man lives, whom I shall call the Doctor. It was he who learned to know eagles and their ways through the medium of friendship and kindness. It was he who told me the story of "Baldy," the wild fledgling who accepted for many years the hospitality of his home.

It was on a wet and windy day in April that the Doctor, standing at the top of the long flight of steps that leads upward to the great house on the hill, saw far below him a miserable bunch of feathers that seemed possessed of feeble life. At first the Doctor did not realize that the wet, bedraggled mass was anything but a bunch of plumage that had fallen upon

the steps of the hill and was being tossed about by the wind. Then he saw that the feathers actually belonged to some living thing. And when he descended the steps he found to his great surprise a baby eagle, sodden and miserable, its feathers plastered wetly down over the pinkness of its almost naked body. It was striving valiantly with little feeble squeaks to mount the steps. After each effort, it would lie exhausted from the exertion, blinking its amber eyes and still turning its head upward, as if to measure the height of the next step and to prepare itself for the struggle to reach it.

"You see," said the Doctor, "even then there was the instinct of the eagle to reach the heights. Where the fledgling had come from I do not know; but its instinct pointed toward the hill. And it said in its wild young heart, 'I *must* reach the top—I must and I will.' This is not a bad lesson for us humans, is it?"

But when the Doctor, sympathizing with the baby eagle's ambition, tried to lift the fledgling from step to step, the young kingling would have none of his assistance. He snapped fiercely with his curved yellow beak and made it perfectly apparent that go to the top he would, but go in his own way and by the use of his own wings. So the Doctor went about his business in the town.

When he returned some hours later he found the

baby eagle still struggling up the steps—higher—always higher.

Again he tried to help the young bird make the ascent, and again he was repelled by the vicious snapping of the yellow beak and the suggestive lifting of one taloned foot.

“All right, son,” said the Doctor. “Have it your own way. We will have something to eat for you when you get up to the porch.”

It was long after dark—for the darkness comes early in the spring days of the Northland—when the baby eagle finally floundered over the top step and weakly made his way to the shelter of the porch, where he sat dripping and gasping yet with a completely satisfied look in his amber eyes. He had achieved the destiny of the emperors of the air—which is to rise to the heights and to look down upon the world from a lofty distance.

There was a Thlinget Indian, Hootsnah, who was in the Doctor's employ, and who looked upon the coming of the eagle as an omen of great good fortune to all the family. He himself was a member of the Eagle tribe. He constituted himself as the special guardian of the fledgling, and saw to it that the crop of the growing bird was always stuffed disgracefully with meat and fish. And yet, attentive as he was, he could not win the friendship of the baby eagle as the Doctor

won it without the aid of food. For Baldy became the devoted slave of the man who had witnessed his first attempts at climbing to the top of Baranof Hill. His high-pitched cry, like the "peep" of a young chicken, would always change to a more excited, joyous note whenever the Doctor took notice of him.

At first Baldy's legs were quite bare. But in time they became covered with thick white feathers that were like fluffy little pantalettes. He had no idea of the latent power in his curving yellow talons, but would sit lightly on the Doctor's arm or shoulder with his claws no more than pressing against the cloth of the coat. He was fiercely jealous of anyone who approached his idol. Even Hootsnah could not come too near. Baldy would scream at him viciously, and his yellow beak would slash the air with savage warning to keep his distance. Hootsnah shook his head when he saw this, and said to the Doctor, "You see? Heavy Wings, the eagle, will be unhappy always. He will always want and want. He will never be satisfied with a part of anything. He must have all. It is not good. It began long, long years ago with Ketch-ich-duckl, first of the Eagle tribe. He brought bad luck on his children and their children after them because he wanted too much."

"What is this story of Ketch-ich-duckl?" I asked the Doctor.

"I do not know that," he replied. "You can find out from Hootsnah. He is too old to work for me now"—it seemed to me there was a touch of constraint in his voice—"but he is a good carver of totem-poles, and he loves to tell the legends of his people. He speaks English better than most of the natives. He will be glad to tell you the story of Ketch-ich-duchl."

Baldy, the eagle fledgling, soon discarded his baby plumage with its uncertain tufts of down sticking out over his ears, and took on the semblance of a fully grown emperor of the air lanes. The fluffy feather pantalettes grew heavy and thick about his taloned yellow legs, and he lost his baby trick of screeching for food when he was hungry. It is not in an eagle's heart to know fear. So Baldy was fearless of all things after the manner of his kindred. But an eagle born and bred in the wilds is wary of mankind. He has learned through bitter experience that the two-footed creatures of earth are his enemies, and so he keeps aloof from them. Baldy knew nothing of this distrust. He had been shown kindness by the people of earth, they had fed him and sheltered him. He was well disposed towards them except at such times as they ventured near the Doctor in his presence. Those first months were contented ones for Baldy, the eagle fledgling.

Next to the friendship of the Doctor, he loved his

daily bath. Hootsnah would turn on the lawn sprinkler for the benefit of Baldy. Under the flying spray the young eagle would sit with outstretched wings, fluffing out his feathers until he seemed to be fairly bursting with happiness. He would sink down in the wet grass, turning and burrowing, and pick playfully at the streams of water that showered down on him. When he had saturated himself completely, he would fly heavily down to the custom-house at the foot of Baranof Hill. There he would perch over the chimney where the warm air made a convenient drying-place for his plumage. He would spread out his lovely wings and move them gently to and fro over the upcoming heat. The tourists passing on their way from the dock to the town looked with amazement at the domesticated eagle making himself so completely at home on the chimney of the custom-house.

The first unhappiness of Baldy's life came with the realization that he could not hope to have the Doctor's affections for himself only. The second period of misery came when the crows discovered that there was an eagle in their midst. Why they let him alone at first I do not know. Possibly there is some unseen "dead-line" in an eagle's development that divides the periods of his growth between harmlessness and aggressiveness. Perhaps they knew that the young eagle had reached the point where he would normally take

an interest in eating baby crows. At any rate, they seemed to discover him suddenly. And from that time on they awoke in the morning and went to roost at night with but one unquenchable ambition—to make Baldy's life a misery to him. And I am sorry to say they succeeded.

The crows of Sitka are not like those oft-cursed but generally respected citizens, the ravens. They belong to the same family, it is true; but they are smaller and more villainous, and their vices are not counterbalanced by the uncanny human qualities possessed by the ravens. The ravens are quite aware of their own superiority. They never allow the crows to sit on the belfry of the Russian church of Saint Michael Archangel and discuss the tourists who come in from the boat as they themselves do. If the crows and sea-gulls have a quarrel, the ravens will take the part of the gulls. And if the crows get too noisy in their conventions upon the beach, the ravens will disperse the gathering with all the authority and brutality of seasoned policemen.

So the ravens paid no attention to Baldy, the young eagle. It was the crows who set spies to watch his every movement, and who would swarm down around him in shrieking, pecking clouds when he wanted to dry his wings over the custom-house chimney. At first Baldy tried to fight them. But there were too many

of them. They could dart down upon him from above with such confusing rapidity that he could not turn on one attacker without being pecked and screamed at by half a dozen of the black ruffians at his other wing. Soon he learned that passive resistance was his best—his only—weapon. If he sat very quietly, turning his head from side to side so as to keep the crows within range of his steady amber eyes, they feared to come too near him. It was only when he flew, or tried to dry his wings, that they became bold and aggressive.

Hootsnah watched the crows harassing the bewildered eagle with sadness in his heart. Yet he said it was to be expected.

“Ketch-ich-duckl brought it on himself,” he would say, nodding his head solemnly. “It is the penalty that Heavy Wings paid for what he wanted. It will always be so.”

Baldy learned to dive for herring and for salmon. At such times the other birds—even the crows—kept well away from him. It was then they acknowledged him for what he was—the king of the air lanes, the most powerful of all the winged brotherhood. Sometimes the crows would steal herring out of the very beaks of the sea-gulls. But they never attempted to interfere with Baldy’s catch. He would fly with his flapping prey up to the porch of the house on Baranof Hill. The crows would congregate on the porch roof

and scream base insults at him. The eagle would only lift his kingly head and stare at them with unblinking, amber eyes.

"They always reminded me of a bunch of rowdy schoolboys making faces at 'teacher'," the Doctor told me. "Baldy would literally stare them out of countenance. Their squawks would get feebler and feebler; one crow and then another would think of something important he had to do elsewhere, and pretty soon the whole noisy swarm would flap away. Then and only then, would Baldy eat his fish."

As Baldy grew older his affection for the Doctor increased to the point where it was sometimes laughable and sometimes alarming. When the Doctor was away, the eagle would refuse to eat. He would sit on the perch which Hootsnah had made for him, his feathers drooping sulkily, and would snap his beak faintly at all overtures of food or comfort. Even his beloved bath and the custom-house chimney had no attractions for him when his idol was absent. And when the Doctor returned, the delight of the eagle was such that he would all but smother his friend in the massive beating of his wings. He would perform a sort of joy dance, with his head swinging from side to side, lifting himself up and down in the exuberance of his feelings. But woe to anyone who came near at such a time. The aggressive beak was like a scimitar blade

slashing the air. He was ready with all the fierceness of yellow beak and curving talons to keep interlopers at a distance.

Imagine then, if you can, the feelings of that fierce, adoring air king, when the Doctor came back from one of his visits in the interior of Alaska, with a full-grown gander, which he introduced into the household!

The gander of Matinuska had a quaint and interesting history. It would have appealed strongly to anyone else. But not to Baldy.

Big Boy, the gander, had spent his life in the settlement of Matinuska. He had been kind and faithful to his mate as all ganders should be, and when she died, he had been inconsolable. Martin, who was in charge of the agricultural station, found him in the morning, huddled close against the silent body of his mate, with one massive gray wing spread out over her as if to shield her from the strange and terrifying thing that had come upon her. He hissed sharply when Martin appeared, and he fought valiantly when he was forced away from the inert bundle of feathers. He did not soon forget. For many days he haunted the place where his mate had lain, walking solemnly about the enclosure they had shared, his flat bill spooning against the ground as if he hoped to scoop up some sign or trace of lady goose whom he had loved.

Then, because even faithful sorrow yields to time's soothing influence, he transferred his affections to Martin, the man who had cared for him since he was a squeaky-voiced, beady-eyed gosling. He constituted himself the man's bodyguard and would viciously resent the too near approach of any other person. He knew that Martin was deaf. The Doctor told me with delight how he himself had seen Big Boy coaxing Martin to race with him, first by standing in front of him and gabbling softly and persuasively, then by getting upon the bench beside him and honking insistently in his ear.

You can well understand how Martin felt about the wise and devoted old gander, and why it was he stipulated that Big Boy should have a good home when he himself was transferred to another station.

So the Doctor brought Big Boy with him to Sitka, to the house on the top of Baranof Hill, into the startled life of Baldy, the eagle king.

At first the eagle was more curious than hostile. He could not classify the solemn, waddling bird with the long neck and the hissing speech. He was not a crow, because he was not black and noisy. He was not a sea-gull, because he was not small and could not fly. Baldy seemed to ponder deeply on what manner of thing this unknown intruder could be. The Doctor would find him perched on the roof of the porch where

he could watch every move of the long-necked gander. His head would be turned slightly, his whole attitude one of deep concentration.

On the other hand, Big Boy paid no attention to Baldy. Ganders are very superior and self-sufficient birds. Those who think of them as foolish, wrong them greatly. The person who first coined the expression "silly as a goose" never owned one, or had one for a friend, I am sure. Big Boy's manner was that of a perfect gentleman who had been brought as a stranger into a hospitable land. He evinced no rude curiosity, accepted his new home with superb philosophy, and even though he showed very plainly that he was lonely without the man who had cared for him, he soon realized that the Doctor was his appointed protector. If he had not made friends with the Doctor, this story would not have been written. Baldy would have accepted his presence in time with the same contemptuous tolerance with which he regarded the chickens and the pigeons.

But the heart of a gander is not so different from other hearts, and the cord of friendliness is a stronger chain than any man-made bond. It was not so long before Big Boy was following the Doctor about, begging him to race with him as Martin had, hissing sharply when anyone else came near, and honking joyously when the Doctor summoned him by name.

It was inevitable that two such strong personalities as Baldy and Big Boy should clash; especially when the affections of both were centered upon the same human being. There came the moment when Baldy realized that this waddling gray bird was an inter-loper of the worst sort; a rival and a dangerous character.

The conclusion suggested its own remedy. He tried to kill Big Boy. The Doctor heard a terrific commotion in the yard one day. A medley of screams and honks and beating wings mingled with the hysterical chatter of the hens and the terrified flying of the pigeons. He ran to the door, gun in hand, in time to witness part of a battle royal.

The eagle and the gander, each fighting according to his own tactics, were engaged in a furious clash of flying feathers and vocal insults. Time after time the eagle would poise in the air above the alert gander, trying to drop upon him and impale him on the fierce yellow talons. But always Big Boy would evade the rocketing pounce of the air king, turning with incredible swiftness from underneath those clutching eagle claws. Baldy on the ground was at a disadvantage. The gander would advance upon him with heavily beating wings, and his head would strike out with the fierce precision of a snake. The curving beak would snap, the sinuous neck would avoid the thrust.

Then Baldy would rise up again, ready for a propitious moment to pounce upon this hated enemy who would not leave the ground to fight, and who was so maddeningly capable of defending his miserable existence.

The Doctor separated them with some difficulty. Neither of them were in the mood for arbitration. Big Boy was finally driven into a hen-house, where the door was closed and barred upon him, and Baldy sought the top of a tree from which he could watch for the gander's reappearance.

It was quite a problem to solve. The Doctor knew that Martin would be inconsolable if any harm came to the gander whom he had raised from a gosling, and on the other hand there was no certainty that Baldy himself was entirely safe. The gander had shown a quickness and a ferocity that boded ill for any antagonist, even though that antagonist be the undisputed king of the air.

He thought that time would heal the breach between them. But their enmity was too deep rooted, and their quarrels had not been fought to the finish. Each time the gander was liberated, the same clash occurred. When Big Boy was confined in the hen-house, he pulled out feathers from his breast, and beat himself against the door in furious anguish. When imprisoned in the pigeon's flying-pen, he pulled down the nests, tumbled out the eggs, and bullied the bewil-

dered birds into hysteria. When given his liberty, he would come with his wings outspread and neck rigidly stretched, to the door of the house, honking loudly to attract the Doctor's attention. It cannot be proved of him that he ever deliberately provoked a quarrel with Baldy. But neither can it be said that he avoided the inevitable battle. For when the eagle heard the honking of the gander, he would come from wherever he happened to be—even from his beloved custom-house chimney would he come, to pounce down upon the hated gray intruder.

And so the Doctor, seeing that Big Boy was ostensibly non-aggressive, decided on the only alternative he could think of to keep the peace. He chained Baldy to his perch. He did not know that when an eagle is made a prisoner, his heart is broken and he loses his heritage of kingliness. I do not think Baldy would have minded his light captivity had it not been for the insolence of the gander of Matinuska. He was fond of the perch which Hootsnah, the Indian, had made for him, and was used to sitting on it for hours at a time, his amber eyes fixed on the far distance, his thoughts busied with the things that eagles think about. But a chain—and a gander—it was unbearable!

It seemed that Big Boy realized his enemy's humiliation. For he would waddle upon the porch, spooning

the floor with his flat bill and talking to himself. Out of reach he would pause, stretch out his neck and hiss. He would advance with wings outspread, and the captive eagle would tug madly at his chain, his beak snapping with frenzied fierceness. Big Boy would retreat tauntingly, only to repeat his mocking challenge to do battle.

But Baldy, the captive eagle, was not to be outdone in cleverness. Cautiously, surreptitiously, he worked at the staple which held the end of his chain. The Doctor never saw him tugging at the chain nor wrenching at the staple with his strong curved beak. Only Hootsnah saw him, and he did not tell. For Hootsnah hated the gander of Matinuska almost as much as Baldy did. He would have rejoiced with the eagle in the downfall of the gray gander, whose tormenting insolence grew more unbearable from day to day.

There came the moment for which—I am almost sure—Baldy had waited. Big Boy came very close to the perch where the silent eagle sat, his amber eyes fixed on vacancy, his white head sunk deeply into the reddish-brown feathers of his hunched-up wings. Big Boy hissed invitingly, twisted his neck and flapped his wings. Baldy ignored him, not so much as lifting an eyelash. Big Boy came nearer—hissed again. The eagle sat silently staring.

The gander stopped for an instant, nonplused. He

had looked for quick defiance, a futile struggle, a vain beating of useless wings. Could this be his mortal enemy, this inert bunch of feathers?

He lifted his head, for one moment off guard. And in that moment, Baldy pounced him. The staple came loose with the sudden wrench, checking the eagle's lunge enough to give the gray gander an instant's warning. But he could not turn quickly enough. The terrible yellow talons sank deeply through the protecting feathers, the slashing, curved beak plunged into the soft gray neck.

The gander gave a short, hoarse cry that was almost human in its poignancy. The sound brought the Doctor to the door in time to see the gray bird borne down by the fury of the white-headed eagle, whose talons were sunk in the bloody plumage.

He caught up a stick and threatened Baldy. But the eagle was not to be cheated of his vengeance. His amber eyes were exulting, merciless. His beak was a scimitar that had been dipped in the blood of hate.

The Doctor beat him. Yes, it was just that. For Baldy would not release his hold, and the gray gander was struggling valiantly, but very feebly. More and more sharply the blows fell on the fierce, clutching body of the eagle. At last there came a blow that all but stunned him. He loosened his talons; and the Doctor, regardless of the fury that might be turned

against him, caught him up with his hands, and sent the eagle sliding across the porch floor to crash up against the wall.

"Baldy—you reprobate!" he flung at him and took the bleeding body of the gander up in his arms and into the house. When he had assured himself that Big Boy was not fatally hurt, he came out on the porch to see where Baldy was. But the eagle had disappeared. He never saw him again, alive.

"Hootsnah killed him," he told me, "that same Indian who had made him a perch and had seemed to like him so well. I couldn't have him in my employ after that, for I was fond of the bird."

"Hootsnah killed him?" I repeated. "But why?"

"For the bounty on the claws, I suppose," he answered harshly. "They bring fifty cents a pair, you know."

Somehow I could not believe that. I did not know Hootsnah, except by sight. But I did know that an Indian of the Eagle clan would not have killed an eagle without some deep and potent reason. So I made it a point to visit Hootsnah at his work that very afternoon. He was carving a small totem-pole on which was portrayed the fabled Ka-juk bird, who makes a nest high up in the clouds, and who is rarely seen by mortals.

"You killed Baldy, the eagle of the Doctor," I said

to him after he had talked awhile. "You had some good reason, surely. Tell me, why did you kill the eagle?"

Hootsnah turned his wrinkled, brown-leather face upon me and considered me for a moment in silence.

"You will not laugh?" he said.

"No, I will not laugh," I promised.

"Well, the eagle is a very unhappy bird. It has always been so, it will always be so. The start of it was long ago, when Ketch-ich-duckl was the head of the Eagle tribe. 'Ketch-ich-duckl' means 'Heavy Wings.' Do you know how an eagle flies, always with his wings drooping as if they were hard to hold up? It seems that way to us. That is why we call him by such a name. But it means more. His heart is heavy, too. His heart and his wings—always, always heavy.

"It was in the time of long ago that this Ketch-ich-duckl lived, and though he was the head of the Eagle tribe, he was very poor. He owned no slaves nor disks of copper; he had no war canoes, and only one wife. He was very poor indeed.

"Now in the woods there was a spirit who is called 'Klan-a-hee-duck,' who is invisible to most people. She carries her child on her back, and sometimes they would hear her singing it to sleep, saying, 'Oo-weh!' But you could only see her when you were taking a drink of water. Ketch-ich-duckl knew that if you

could see this spirit woman, if you could run after and catch her, she would give you any wish you asked for, to regain her freedom. And he roamed the woods constantly, trying to get a look at this Klan-a-hee-duch.

"One day he really heard her voice, as she soothed her child. 'Oo-weh! Oo-weh!' Very quickly Ketch-ich-duchl bent down to a pool and took a drink. Then he could see the spirit woman, not far from him. He ran towards her, and although she fled through the woods, he fled after her. He caught her and held her close in spite of her struggles.

" 'What do you want? What do you want?' she wailed. 'I will give you anything if you will only let me go.'

"Ketch-ich-duchl was panting from the chase.

" 'I am tired of being poor!' he cried out. 'I want to burst wide open with riches!'

" 'Let me go, and you shall have your wish,' said the spirit woman. He loosed his arms, and she vanished. That night he won seven slaves at gambling. The next day his catch of salmon was so great that it loaded the canoe down to the water. The next day he married two strong young wives, and on the next day he went to a potlatch and was given the choicest gifts. He became rich, very, very rich. Yet there were people who hated him. The Crow tribe were his enemies, and they said, 'See how Heavy Wings prospers.

He has never done any work, while we are industrious. Why should he be so rich? There is something back of this!

"And so the Crow tribe tormented him until at last he called his relatives together and said, 'The Crow tribe has insulted me. We are going to fight the Crow tribe.' Because he had become the richest man of the Eagle tribe, they had to do as he said. They all went out in their war canoes to fight the Crow people and won a great victory.

"Ketch-ich-duckl could take anything he wished from them because he had conquered them completely. He had many slaves and enough wives, and he had more furs than twenty chieftains put together. But the Crow tribe had some great copper disks, as high as a man's waist, and as round and flat as the moon. Ketch-ich-duckl coveted those copper disks, for they were the finest he had ever seen. With great weeping the Crow people saw their wealth taken from them. And Heavy Wings, to show his authority more completely, ordered the copper disks hung on a stout pole that was set upright in the prow of his canoe. Then he lay down and ordered his slaves to paddle him homeward.

"As he lay there, swollen up with pride that he had become so great a chieftain, one of the sharp copper disks fell upon him, cutting his body as cleanly open

as any knife could do. His wish came true, do you see? He had wished to 'burst open wide with riches.'

"But the curse of the spirit woman was upon him. For that is the penalty of having your wish granted by her. He was changed into an eagle, and was doomed to carry always a heavy heart and to fly with heavy wings. The crows will always torment the eagles for the wrong that Ketch-ich-duchl put upon their people.

"And we of the Eagle tribe have always been able to understand the language of the eagles. We know what they are saying."

I looked at Hootsnah blankly. He had not told me the thing I had come to ask about. He turned the totem-pole over carefully in his hands. He was shaving away a bit of the Ka-juk bird's wing.

"About this eagle of the Doctor," he said, answering my unspoken question, "I killed him, that is true. But you see, he was unhappy, always. The crows tormented him, he could not have the whole love of his friend, and he was very sad. His friend beat the eagle who loved him, for the sake of a worthless gray goose. You will not laugh, you tell me. Well then, listen, and do not laugh. *The eagle asked me to kill him.* He said, 'Oh, Hootsnah, you are my brother. You understand my speech. My wings are hurt with the blows of a stick, and my heart is heavy—so heavy!

Kill me, Hootsnah, my brother, let me not live to be mocked by a gray goose!

“And so I did as he asked me. I killed him that he might not be put again on a chain for the sake of a worthless goose.”

THE END

